

1899

# The Spinster (1899)

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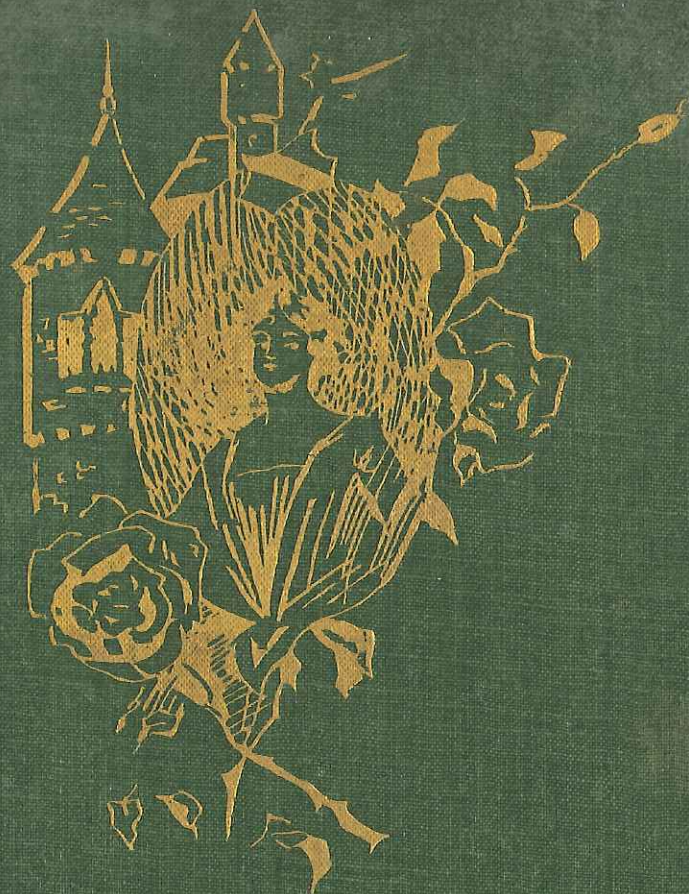
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## Recommended Citation

The Spinster. Roanoke, Va.: Stone Printing & Manufacturing Co., 1899

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# THE SPINSTER







# THE SPINSTER



Where singleness is bliss, 't is folly to be wives



EDITED BY THE  
Literary Societies of Hollins Institute, Va.  
• 1899 •





Dedicated  
TO THE FUTURE HOLLINS GIRL.

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Be

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."



FEBRUARY.

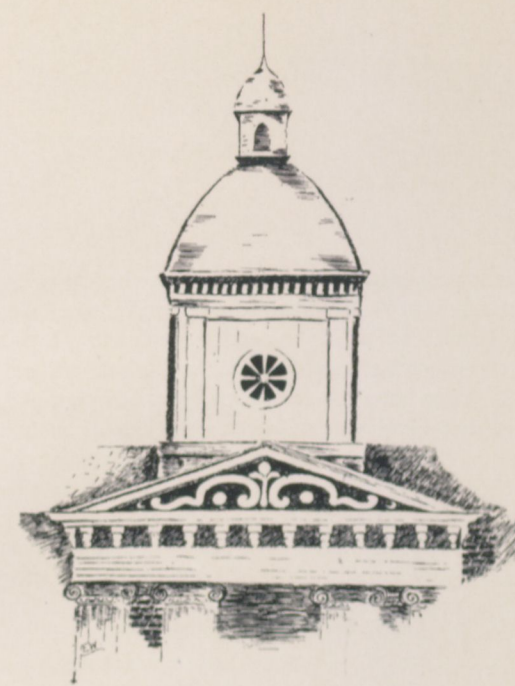




FOR the second time, THE SPINSTER wishes to bid the public—that public which encouraged her so by its courteous reception of her, last year—a cordial greeting. This year her editors have seen fit to combine her with the hoary and sage "Semi-Annual," but let no man think she has lost her identity thereby; on the contrary, she hopes to keep it for many years to come, and perhaps next season will find her in the hands of a special staff, as was the case formerly. Meanwhile, whether combined or individual, whether in the hands of one staff or a score, so long as she shall be THE SPINSTER, it is her purpose to offer her best efforts to the world, with the sincere hope that each reader may find in her pages some striking idea, some genial thought, or some pleasing recollection.







## THE TWENTY-FIRST OF FEBRUARY.



WITH deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of  
This old bell,  
Whose sounds so mild would  
In days of childhood,  
Fling round my moments  
Its magic spell.  
On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander  
And thus grow fonder  
Hollins of thee!

**I**N SUCH or similar words we may imagine that all of the great multitude who have been Hollins girls, speak of the old bell, whose voice during so many years regulated their lives,—summoned them to rise, to attend their daily duties, to their devotions, and to their repose.

Human nature likes to invest inanimate objects with the attributes of life, and of these inanimate objects, none are so easily and naturally personified as bells. One reason is, that, though many of the objects of nature may be said to have a voice, yet it is a silent voice, insensible to the natural ear, and which may or may not be understood by some finer sense; but bells speak in no uncertain



tone and command our attention, whether they be low or loud, sweet or harsh; whether they call to the festive hall, or the house of sorrow; to the house of God or the marriage feast; whether it be a funeral bell, an alarm bell, a school bell, a fire bell, a liberty bell, or a dinner bell. Thus bells are connected by association with some of the strongest, deepest, gladdest, holiest emotions of our nature; and hence they have been the theme of noble lyric poetry as in "The Bells" of Schiller and "The Bells" of Edgar Allan Poe.

On this occasion we are to commemorate the services of the old Hollins bell, now deposed from its commanding position and whose voice is now silent forever. Here, if ever, ought to be applied the maxim,

"Nil de mortuis, nisi bonum."

For it was a good bell; a bell of an experience and service of more than half a century. Its only fault is, that its voice is too low and weak. And yet this weakness of voice is not in all circumstances to be condemned, for we have good authority that a low and gentle voice is an excellent thing in a woman. Whether this weakness was the effect of old age, which impairs so much the sonorous quality of human voices; or whether the voice of the bell has not grown with the growth of this Institution, is uncertain; but at all events, the place of this old bell has been supplied by a younger and a louder rival, whose deep full tones resounding to the remotest bounds of Hollins, will forever hereafter make ineffectual the excuse so often and so timely tendered: "I did not hear the bell."

It would be interesting to trace the biography of this bell,—to know when it was made, where its birthplace—by whose hand it was fashioned; but of these points there is no record or tradition. It is perhaps known to some here present, that in the earlier years of this century, before Hollins had a name, it was a famous watering place and summer resort, known then by the name of its proprietor, Johnston's Springs. The turnpike road and main route of travel between Washington City and Tennessee and the Southwest, passed through these grounds. It is a tradition that General Andrew Jackson, during the period when he was Senator from Tennessee and afterwards when he became President of the United States, often traveled in his carriage along this road (which then ran exactly where the main building and the dining-room now stand), on his way to and from Nashville to Washington, and that he always



stopped for one day or more at Johnston's Springs for rest and refreshment. It may be said that this old bell was brought here by Mr. Johnston, and was used in giving signals in his house of entertainment. It is no great stretch of fancy then to imagine, that the voice of this old bell may have rung out, on some of the occasions of Old Hickory's visits, its welcome to this hero and summoned his admirers to pay their respects to the old warrior, statesman and president. The celebrity of Johnston's Springs faded before the rising glories of the White Sulphur, and after Mr. Johnston's death the property was sold to an Education Society, which established the Valley Union Seminary. Here begins the authentic history of this bell. It must have been used to summon the young ladies and young gentlemen of Valley Union Seminary to their studies and devotions; for upon the arrival of your present honored principal, Dr. Cocke, to take charge of the Seminary, that bell was found here. The place it then occupied and which it held for some years was in a small belfry upon the roof of the old kitchen—a building which stood immediately behind the West Building. Here it remained until the West Building was enlarged, and a more elaborate belfry erected on the roof, from which its warning sounds could be heard at a greater distance. This home it occupied until the completion of the main building in the year 1868, when it was placed in the cupola of that building. From that elevated point it has regulated the comings and goings of the inhabitants of this little world of Hollins for about thirty years.

Good-bye, old bell; we praise thee for thy faithful service of many years, we part with thee with regret, and at the same time, as in duty bound, we extend a welcome to your young and loud-voiced successor. May his service be as long and as faithful as yours has been. May his mellow tones be heard for many future years, calling young and enthusiastic spirits to the halls of high and generous culture, and pious souls to the house of prayer.

W. H. PLEASANTS.





## THE SONG OF THE BELL.



### THE OLD BELL—AN ELEGY.

#### I

H HEAR a song—a song of minor cadences.  
A song of earnest pleading from a friend who knows not well  
All the history and lore  
Of full sixty years and more,  
Treasured in the last sad echoes of a trusty, song-spent bell.

#### II

Oh hear a song—a song of gentle reverence.  
Sung by one who loves the ancient if it has intrinsic worth,  
If the ancient did its duty,  
And in service gathered beauty,  
Beauty such as God exalteth to the rank of human birth.

#### III

Bow ye your heads and sing a mournful elegy,  
(As to an honored soldier or a poet or a sage)  
Sing ye to the Hollins bell  
That ye loved so long and well,  
Yet against whose urgent summons oft ye frowned in badinage.

#### IV

Thank ye the bell—the bell that scorned all platitude,  
'T was a voice that called ye to the class and to the prayer;  
'T was the alma mater bell,  
'T was the tender marriage bell,  
'T was the deep-toned knell, whose comfort ye have heard with gratitude

#### V

Hear now a thought—a thought of utmost reverence:  
If it be that deeds and actions die and live again  
In the lives of earthly mortals,  
Vibrating at heaven's portals,  
Think ye not that God heard echoes of the faithful, old-time bell?

#### VI

Bow ye your heads—and offer up this prayer to God;  
Take, O Father, in thy keeping this old friend of worth,  
Take its spirit on the air,  
Carry it to regions fair,  
It has been an inspiration to Thy servants on the earth.



## THE SONG OF THE SCHOOL GIRL.

#### I.

Good-bye, old bell, good-bye;  
'T is hard to see thee die,—  
Thou wast so good.  
Thinkest me rude,  
Old bell? I can not cry.

#### II.

Old bell, life is so gay  
I have not learned to pray;  
I know no care,  
All is so fair—  
Old bell, turn not away.

#### III.

Old bell, I cannot feel—  
I am too young. Reveal  
What I shall be.  
Life's mystery  
Canst thou not gently deal?

#### THE BELL.

Life is but service; Death but transition;  
Earth what we make it; Heaven is Elysian.





### THE SONG OF THE BRIDE.

#### I.

Old bell, ring out on the air,  
I have never loved thee as now,  
Ring in a new lease of life—  
Long life to thee, and long life to me,  
And to him to whose manly care  
Thou ringest me as a wife

#### II.

Old bell, thou, too, wast a bride,  
Noble, sweet-toned and demure,  
Fresh from a nurturing fold,  
Fashioned in careful mould,—  
Long life to thee and long life to me;  
Thou art our joy and our pride—thou in true service grown old.

#### THE BELL.

You may wander far; you may ponder well;  
No voice is so sweet as a marriage bell.

### THE SONG OF THE MOURNER.

#### I.

Tenderly, tenderly, muffled and slow,  
The old bell echoes my cry of woe;  
Calls me to give up the loved and the lost,  
Rings to my heart as to ship tempest-tossed.

#### II.

I must not murmur; I must not chide.  
Gladly the bell rang for me as a bride  
Once in the past—Ah, 't is God knoweth best.  
He sent the message; Death did the rest.

#### III.

I hear the tolling, while blinded with tears  
Vaguely there fronts me a vista of years;  
Blindly I look to the sky and the clod,  
Groping and clinging, yet trusting in God.

#### IV.

Hark! There 's a voice in my heart from the bell.  
Wondrous the hope that comes in its knell—  
Hope that shakes off all the soul's funeral pall;  
Earth incomplete is—Heaven is all!

#### THE BELL.

Humbly I ring, and slow,  
But I bring not a message of woe.  
God, in His infinite love,  
Takes for His garden above,  
Sweet, precious flowers from below.  
He needs the best for His field;  
Proudly your gifts you should yield.  
Whate'er the loved might have done;  
Whate'er the loved might have won;  
God trusts to you in His way.  
You 've *double service* to-day!



## THE SONG OF THE OLD MAN.

### I.

'T is a song of over fifty years, fraught with both joy and pain,  
Tinged with a glow of pride, touched with a joyful refrain,  
Covered with sacrifice and love for a Nation's weal,  
Touching the lives of young women—striking out fire in its zeal.

### II.

'T is the song of a man and his helpmate, living all over to-day  
In the last sad rites of a school bell, the years that have passed away,—  
Passed, yet writ on the parchment God keeps in His treasure-store,  
Passed, yet precious to women, treading these halls no more.

### III.

'T is the song of a man and a mountain, old friends for some fifty years.  
One looking up to the other, one smiling back through its tears—  
This old mountain, "Tinker," and the man, intrepid and true,  
They loved the bell, now silent,—they, the old giant too.

## APOSTROPHE TO THE NEW BELL.

### I.

A new friend hangs in the belfry;  
A new voice speaks at the door.  
'T is resonant, youthful and timely,  
And it had a whole *garde du corps*  
To safely install its young person  
In the belfry, while we, far below,  
Watched to see the faithful old-timer  
Become *ex officio*.

### II.

It was well. The school and the people,  
Outgrowing the fast aging bell,  
Asked for a fresh young singer—  
Inspiring and cultured as well—  
Who could ring in a new fifty years,  
Taking the same earnest theme  
That the old bell pealed in its service  
(Though small to itself that may seem).

### III.

You may call, new bell in the belfry,  
Call students from near and from far,  
But you never can make better women  
Than the students now sundered afar—  
The women who made old Hollins  
The pride of the sunny South;  
The women with strength in their being,  
Who went out from this school in its youth.

### IV.

Ring clear, new bell in the belfry,  
But, oh, in your purity sweet,  
Ring in what is best for our future;  
Ring in what is true and most meet.  
Ring to Hollins a bright, bright era,  
A most prosperous era, O, bell!  
May the years of your life be a hundred;  
Aye! may you ne'er bid us farewell!

EDITH LYNWOOD WINN.



## A TRIBUTE TO THE BELL.

In the belfry, small yet grand, we are told  
The subject of this true lament of old  
The students daily used  
By ring to lead;  
To various lines of study, too, we find  
They were directed by a signal kind  
And to true culture turned  
A boon indeed.

Did not each one of many sessions take  
Time for her daily tasks to make  
From this bell's ringing  
As proved so true?  
Did not her quick obedience also mean  
Her faith in bell she loved unseen  
In worthy bell above  
To whom 't was due?

And with the end of school, they quickly see  
Each cries, old bell, at last enough for me,  
I'll tell thee now, Good-bye.  
(Sign of my love)  
But not for very long, since in the fall,  
I'll hie me back to hear thy call  
To nobler studies yet—  
From heights above.

Alas, dear bell, could one the mandate give  
That thou no longer in thy sphere should live,  
Thy work forever done,  
Is this for thee?  
My heart in grateful love for bell thus cries,  
But bell, in noble self-command replies,  
Though very hard it is,  
So must it be!

M. M. PLEASANTS.



## IN MEMORIAM.

### LELIA SMITH COCKE.

THE death of Mrs. Lelia Smith Cocke, which occurred at her home in Roanoke City, Virginia, on Wednesday, the fifth day of April, leaves a sad void in the circle of her relatives and friends in Virginia, New York City, and elsewhere; and grief in the art circles of New York, in which she was well known, and highly appreciated, both for her personal traits and for her genius as an artist. She was a daughter of Professor Francis H. Smith, of the University of Virginia, and Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith, author and translator; a granddaughter of the late Dr. Gessner Harrison, who was for more than twenty years Chairman of the Faculty in this institution, and a niece of Dr. George Tucker Harrison, of New York. She was educated privately at her native place, and at a large girl's school in Staunton, Virginia; and after beginning a course of study in drawing and painting under instructors in Virginia, she came to New York, and for several sessions studied in the art schools of the Cooper Institute, taking the first prize bestowed after being there only four months, and graduating in three years instead of four, the regular term. Subsequently she took lessons in painting in the studios of Will H. Low and Wyatt Eaton, and made a specialty of portraiture. Later she studied under masters in Europe, spending a year in painting in Berlin, where her brother, the late Gessner Harrison Smith, was United States Vice and Deputy Consul-General. Evincing from the first unmistakeable talent in the use of the pencil and the palette, she developed the patient industry which is the helpmeet of ambition and the surest earnest of success. And thus from the first her work was of acknowledged merit. Shortly after her return from Germany, she was married to Mr. Lucian H. Cocke, a prominent young lawyer of Roanoke, and from that time had there her residence; and although under the existence of obligations,



incident upon her changed relations and the pressure of her domestic duties, her profession absorbed less of her time, it was never wholly given up. Among the more notable portraits which hang in the public halls of the University of Virginia, are eight portraits of distinguished men, mostly professors, from the brush of Mrs. Cocke. But masterly, as these pictures in spirit and execution, were admitted to be, it was in her portraits of women that she attained her greatest successes. Investing them with what is beyond and above mere technical accomplishment, yet never sacrificing truthfulness for esthetic effect, they were faithful as likenesses, while the reflex of her own spiritual nature,—of the exquisite sensitiveness, delicacy of feeling and expression, purity and refinement which lived in the soul of the artist.

Escaping from the lightly-borne cares of her home life, last December, Mrs. Cocke again made a prolonged visit to New York, mainly, as it now would seem, that she might take a course of lessons in miniature painting. This she did with her accustomed success, her last work being a portrait in miniature of her young sister, Rosalie, intended as a surprise gift to her mother upon the occasion of her sister's marriage to Dr. Isaac Carrington Harrison, which took place in January. With this loving thought the beautiful and unselfish life of the artist ended.

As a woman, Lelia Smith Cocke embodied the noblest virtues and the most charming graces of her sex. Of most pleasing and attractive personality; winsome, simple and unaffected in manner; affectionate, confiding and artless; yet withal, rarely well-cultured and intelligent, she combined the best and most loveable qualities of exalted womanhood. Looking carefully to the ways of her household, and ordering its management with systematic skill and wisdom, she made her home both comfortable and delightful; while as wife, mother, neighbor, and friend, she left nothing to be demanded of her from those dependent upon her for love and added happiness. She was an earnest Christian, rendering back to God, in faithful service, gratitude for the many blessings with which her life had been crowned. She left to mourn their loss in her death, after an illness of two months, a devoted husband, four lovely children, parents, brothers and sisters, and more distant relatives, and many warm personal friends.

(MRS.) S. A. BROCK PUTNAM.

Brooklyn, New York.

## MRS. COCKE AS AN ARTIST.

The foregoing tribute of Mrs. Putnam, so gracefully and sympathetically written, is gratefully appreciated by all who knew Mrs. Cocke best and loved her most; but as it relates mostly to her career as a student of art, it has seemed to be an act of justice to her memory to give some fuller information as to her work as an artist, after she had passed through the schools. Never was there a spirit more thoroughly inflamed with the love of art. In the years before her marriage a large number of works in oil and in crayon, mostly portraits, were executed by her. After her marriage the cares of a household and social duties necessarily diminished her productive industry in her chosen art; but there was no year, not even those, when in addition to increasing family cares, ill health was added, in which she did not produce some work which added to her reputation, as a skillful delineator of the human form. Her labors were inspired by no selfish motive or desire for reputation, but by love of art for art's sake; for she was so truly modest and unassuming,—so far above using the ordinary methods of claiming admiration, or even the just meed due to her genius, and to the yet more wonderful use she made of it in the limited time allotted to her to work that her status has never been recognized and most probably never will be, as the most accomplished artist that Virginia has ever produced.

The present writer has long been of the opinion that the crowning excellence of her work consists in accurate and lifelike portraiture. It is true that he has not had the pleasure of seeing all of her works, and he is therefore glad to have his opinion corroborated by a lady who is near in blood to the artist, a lady of high intelligence and accurate judgment, and who has seen and studied all of her works.

To this source he is indebted for the following facts in regard to her artistic work. During the fifteen brief years allotted to her, after she finished her training under the best masters procurable in Germany as well as in the United States, she executed about sixty portraits, all of them life size, including six of full length size, besides eight or ten compositions, displaying an originality and masterliness of conception, that is pathetic in the extreme, when we contemplate



her utter lack of opportunity to enter upon a field of art, in which she would, so evidently, have won laurels of fame and material reward.

Among the numerous portraits made by her we single out a few, which are acknowledged by all capable of judging, to be masterpieces of portraiture; of William B. Rogers, for many years the distinguished Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Virginia, afterwards President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston; of Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University; of Professor Thomas R. Price, of Columbia University; of Professors Mallet and Thornton, of the University of Virginia. Here at Hollins we have several specimens of her work, but one especially which seems to combine all the excellencies of her art and to deserve the title of a perfect portrait,—the full length figure of Dr. Charles L. Cocke. This portrait will be recognized by every one who has been a student of Hollins, as one which, not only displays the outward form, but has placed on endearing record the character and spirit of the man. Another full-length, the portrait of Rev. Dr. John A. Broadus, executed for Richmond College and placed in the library of that institution, is recognized by all who knew that distinguished man, as embodying both his outward form and inward character.

The distinguishing merit of Mrs. Cocke as a portrait painter has been indicated in the preceding paragraphs. It was her power not simply to draw the figure in accurate lines, in suitable posture with appropriate background, but, what is more important still, to express the character and inner soul, so far as they are capable of being expressed by the body. Her unerring eye could catch and her quick, firm hand could preserve in enduring colors, or in black and white, those fleeting changes of expression, which are but the reflections from the soul within. This power is doubtless possessed by all great portrait painters; and it seems to this writer that she possessed this power in a degree so unusual, that we may believe that, if circumstances had allowed her to devote all her time to this art, she would easily have taken rank among the great painters of portraits.

These few particulars concerning Mrs. Cocke's career as an artist,—or rather her capability for a career,—are not written for the sake of vaunting a gentle spirit, who hated laudation, but in the interest of sober truth. It seems right that, when such genius and

capacity for noble work depart from earth, that more than a very narrow circle should know what a light has been extinguished, what a loss has been sustained by the whole country, as well as by her bereaved family.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us turn from the artistic character of this gifted lady, which inspired admiration, to her social and personal traits, which won the love and esteem of the hearts of all with whom she was associated. Loveliness of person, amiability of temper, frankness and simplicity of manners, a rare good judgment, which never failed to perceive the right thing to be done under given circumstances, a piety sincere but unobtrusive, all combined to form a strong and loveable character. Coming as she did, a young bride into new social and family connections, she would, of course, have been received with affection and respect for the sake of her husband alone; but her own qualities quickly won for her the admiration and love of all with whom she was associated and gave her a leading social position in the city of her adoption. But nowhere were her high endowments and attractions so fully and promptly recognized, as in the large family connection at Hollins,—the birthplace and early home of her husband; in which circle her calm clear judgment, her exquisite taste and sympathetic heart soon placed her in a position of trust and confidence, which made her the one, to whom all went for guidance in matters of taste and judgment. Here at Hollins she has left many memorials of her hands, which will safely preserve the memory of the artist; but alas! the sympathetic heart which once beat for the distresses of others is forever stilled; the kindly light which once shone for others and made dark things bright is forever extinguished.

Soon after taking up her residence in Roanoke she became a leading spirit in all the associated efforts which were inaugurated for the improvement and beautifying of the social life. For example, she was one of the organizers and promoters of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a society intended to cultivate patriotism as a duty, and to preserve the memory of the soldiers who won independence by their swords, and in furtherance of the objects of this society, she took an active part in getting up lectures and dramatic entertainments by which amusement and instruction might be furnished to the public, and a fund be realized to



suitably mark the graves of our revolutionary heroes. Another beautiful trait in her character was her love for flowers. This was shown primarily in the floral adornment of her own beautiful home; but further in her desire to inspire in the community in general a love of floral adornment. Hence arose an enterprise, undertaken by her and the other ladies of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, of a flower-show. All the people of Roanoke well remember the two beautiful exhibitions which were made, how largely they were attended and what unmixed pleasure they gave; and all will regret that it was found impossible to continue them.

But it was in the inner circle of her home and family and intimate friends that her lovable qualities found scope for the largest development. No one who ever had the privilege of entrance into her home, beautiful and adorned with works of art, and arranged with her unerring sense of fitness and proportion, could fail to be impressed with the beauty and harmony of the home-life of which that house was the temple. She had, as it would seem, around her all that can make life desirable in this world, beloved parents, a devoted husband, obedient children, troops of friends, a home of comfort in which she might gratify her love for the beautiful in art; but God in His inscrutable wisdom has called her away, perhaps to save her from the inevitable sorrows and afflictions of this life, and the sooner to bestow upon her the immortal crown promised to the pure in heart, who shall see God.

The departure of this true wife, tender mother and gifted artist has created a void in the society of the city of her residence not easily filled. How deeply her noble qualities had impressed themselves upon the community was manifested by the great concourse of people who gathered around her last resting-place in the cemetery at Hollins, while the sad procession of relatives and friends slowly wended its way to that spot. We all remember the profusion of the loveliest flowers, the offerings of sympathizing hearts, laid with tender, loving and reverent hands upon the tomb of the loved and lost.

Vergil, the Roman poet, in his lament over the untimely death of the young Marcellus, the nephew and adopted son of the Emperor Augustus and the heir to the throne of the imperial Cæsars, after an impassioned eulogy of the virtues and excellencies of the young man, exclaims: "Give me lilies from full hands; let me scatter the bright

flowers; let me pile up his tomb with these gifts at least and let me perform this unavailing service." In like manner sorrowing friends, by the unerring instinct of nature, in the impotence of helpless grief, performed the unavailing service of piling the last resting-place of the loved and lost with floral tributes. And yet we believe that the service was not altogether unavailing nor was it inappropriate. It availed at least to show their tender love and respect for her who slept beneath; and what could be more appropriate than to cover the tomb of one who had been in life the embodiment of the true, the beautiful and the good, with the purest and loveliest objects of God's creation,—the flowers which she in life had loved so well.

W. H. P.



## THE CALL OF THE SEA.



LITTLE maid with wide, blue eyes,  
Looks out on the sunny sea,  
And watches the sunbeams dance and play  
On the ripples in their glee.  
"I wonder why," and the eyes grow big  
With the wonderings of childhood gay,  
"The sea is such a happy thing?  
'Come, dance,' it seems to say."

A woman now, with wild, sad eyes,  
Stares out on the stormy sea;  
And hears the roar and the agonized groan  
Of the waves as they dash on the lee.  
"I wonder why," and the eyes grow dim,  
With the tears she can not stay,  
"The sea is such a restless thing?  
'Come, flight,' it seems to say."

The woman still, with eyes now dim,  
Peers out on the peaceful sea,  
And feels in the calm of the great, wide deep  
The hush of a world to be.  
"I wonder why," and the eyes grow bright  
With the light of dawning day,  
"The sea is such a soothing thing?  
'Come, rest!' it seems to say."

—L. W.



MR. CHARLES H. COCKE.



## A LITTLE CHILD.

### I.

THE soft, bending figures in the copy of the *Angelus* over the mantel grew softer and fainter, and faded into the monotonous gray of the twilight. Little Muriel Brandon leaned back in her large, deep chair and called the great mastiff over on the rug.

"Victor," she said, "come here. I want to speak to you." Victor rose, planted his front feet and stretched his long body lazily, then walked over to his little mistress. A perfect sunbeam of a child she was, round-limbed and graceful, with a sensitive mouth and a wealth of golden hair. All this was perfect: but then you would look into her great brown eyes and a truth would flash home to you—the little girl had no mind.

Muriel's mother, known in society as "the brilliant Mrs. Brandon," had moved to London just five years before from a city in western America, with the first colors she had worn since her husband's death, a really splendid fortune, and—but no one knew anything about *that*: and every one thought it sad that the beautiful Mrs. Brandon should live in that great lonely house with no one but the servants whom she had brought with her from America, and whom she kept back rigidly from intercourse with those outside her household. Yet, away up in one corner of that stone mansion there was a suite of rooms furnished with every luxury and every touch of beauty that love's ingenuity could suggest. The walls were hung with tapestries and paintings, one room resounded with the songs of prisoned birds: and here alone save for her French attendant and occasional visits from the mother whom she worshiped, the little girl with no mind was growing up.



Mrs. Brandon loved Muriel with a kind of tender, pitying fondness, and often when there were no social calls upon her, she would sit for hours passing her jeweled hands through the masses of yellow hair, or communing tenderly with the infirm mind. But from childhood Amy Brandon's highest ambition had been for intellectual eminence. Naturally endowed with a keen wit, she had so trained it that by the time she reached womanhood, statesmen and scientists crowded around her, interested in her arguments or charmed by her repartee. She married a wealthy student that she might further develop that intellect. Then the little girl came into her home, and all her thoughts were of the day when her daughter should shine even more brilliantly than she had shone. She was more beautiful than ever in those happy days, people said, as gazing at the child she sat for hours, her face bright with the joy of an angel and the adoration of a Madonna. The horror, then, of that awakening, when she found that Muriel could not learn that *b* followed *a*, and *c*, *b*; she could not remember that two and two made four; could never learn, never retain.

At first, there was nothing in her heart but awful revolt against the God who had sent this curse upon her; then she grew quieter, and only one feeling filled up her heart—an overwhelming shame. For five horrible years she bore the shame, then her husband died, and shortly afterwards she moved to London, burying this, her burden, from every eye but her own, and taking London society by storm with her cold, exquisite face.

Muriel, of course lived her luxurious, secluded life with never a worry, never a fleeting remembrance of former life and freedom across the ocean. She lived, just from moment to moment, going out the back way every morning and driving to some comparatively unknown park for her daily airing; "chumming" with Victor and him alone; worshiping as a deity, her mother. She forgot about God ten minutes after Mrs. Brandon's little Sunday afternoon *sermonettes*; indeed she was highly incredulous then.

"God?" she would say, "He never comes *here*. But anyway, Victor can take care of me, I reckon, can't he, 'Pitti?'" "Pitti Sing" had been Carl Brandon's name for his wife; the abbreviation was Muriel's.

So, living alone, just a weak, little mortal conjugation of the verb *to be*, Muriel was content. Not so Lizette, her French attendant

who raged at the neglect of the mother. She was out in the hall now discussing matters with the butler, and quite indignant in her pretty French way.

"C'est vrai!" she was exclaiming. "She is a beautiful monster! See! She shames her of her own *bébé*—she hides her away—she leads the gay life—one day she meets my lord—she tells him not of *bébé*—he comes often, often—perhaps she marries him some day, and then—ah, *pauvre petite*!"

Muriel, whose door was slightly ajar, called her sharply.

"Bébé?" she inquired vacantly, as the woman hovered over her, "Bébé?" Then as if suddenly awakening from a sleep, "I'm so tired, Lizette, I want—I want—oh, it's 'Pitti' I want. Get 'Pitti,' Lizette."

"Lizette, is that you?" The woman smiled obedience and left the room, having first turned on the lights and commanded Muriel to keep away from the windows.

"Let's turn our faces toward the door, Vic," the child said, "so we may see her as she comes in." They had not long to wait—this great, solemn dog and the beautiful vacant-eyed child, for presently there was the frou-frou of silken skirts and the sharp tap of opera heels on the polished floor, and 'Pitti' swept into the room. For one moment, Muriel gazed in rapture at the stately head, the soft rich folds, the blazing gems, and then, nothing awed, rushed right into the beautiful extended arms.

For perhaps an hour they sat—the woman singing, or talking, or telling stories, just fitted to the crippled little mind; the child watching in absolute adoration, first the luminous eyes, then the slender throat, now the expressive mouth, again the ringed hand. Suddenly a carriage stopped before the door and Mrs. Brandon, with a sharp cry, sprang away from the window with the child in her arms. Muriel, in that flash had caught sight of a tall, immaculate man on their own steps, and then glancing up at her mother's face, she saw that her eyes were wide with fright. The little girl was startled but she had no chance to question. With a hurried kiss, her mother had rustled down stairs; she heard her bright laugh down in the hallway for an instant, mingling with a man's pleasant baritone, and then the front door slammed, and the sound of carriage wheels rolled away in the distance.



"It's so lonely, isn't it, Victor?" she asked with a piteous little break in her voice. "What made her go away? Why can't she stay always? Lizette! No you needn't come in. I only wanted to feel you in there." Then in a startled whisper, with a glance toward a shadowy corner, "Will that black thing hurt us, Vic? Because—why, what is this?" She stooped and picked it up—a creation of ivory and gauze. "Pitti's fan! Poor little Pitti! She must have been in here once and dropped it. She wants it though, I'd better go give it to her, I think."

Ah, Lizette, Lizette, you were commanded to watch every simple movement of that wild-eyed child and never to let her leave the room without you. Careless Lizette!

Commanding Victor to "be quiet," Muriel tipped out lest the woman in the next room should hear her, passed noiselessly through the upper apartments, hurried down the stairs, and opened the front door. A blast of wind swept against her thinly-wrapped form. She shuddered with fright, crept back into the hallway. It was terribly dark outside. But her eyes fell on the flimsy things shining in her hand, and the first thought was lost in a second one.

"For Pitti," she said aloud, and darted out into the darkness where already the first flakes of a snow-storm were beginning to fall.

My lord Devorton thought he had never seen Mrs. Brandon as charming as she was that night. She talked music and musicians to the long-haired tenor singer from Italy, she actually extracted a laugh from the reticent old novelist by making some quick criticism on his last long work; wherever she was, a group surrounded her, and my lord noticed that many other admiring eyes followed her queenly figure and vivacious face.

"She is wonderful," he murmured to himself as he stepped out on a side porch until he might see a chance of getting near her again, "wonderful, and yet—now, I candidly don't believe it is conceit in me to think that she would not refuse to be Lady Devorton, but when I approach the subject, invariably, one look in her face puts a *quietus* on me. Vivacious, exquisite; but cold! heavens! I believe I have never seen any sympathy in it, any feeling, any expression answering an expression on another face or revealing more than a passing interest in anybody or anything. Long and short of it is

I admire the little widow unspeakably, but I can't love a woman without a heart."

An Oxford student with an eye-glass and long hair had made a vacancy in Queen Amy's court, and going back into the room, Lord Devorton hastened to her side.

Going home that night, they both were quiet. My lord was worried with himself; Amy was thinking deeply. Yes, she loved Lord Devorton. She couldn't deny it to herself a moment longer. She felt assured, too, that his assiduous attentions had a tendency toward something more than mere pleasant pastime. But how long would his admiration last, she asked herself, when he had once seen Muriel. He—the cultured noble, with the great mind before which everybody bowed; who admired wit and refined intellect above all things on earth? Of course he would despise the weak, silly little mind, but would his disgust extend to her too—its mother? And Mrs. Brandon shuddered and drew her cape closely about her white shoulders as the carriage stopped and her companion helped her out. Indeed, so lost in thought was the little woman that she had reached the door before she had noticed that it stood open wide.

In a moment, however, she was all excitement and calling out an imperative "Wait!" to Lord Devorton, rushed up the stairs

In a very little while she came back again, perfectly composed, but so pale and changed that the man started toward her with a cry of alarm. She drew back. "I am not ill," she said almost curtly, "but I—may—be—a—murderer. My child—do you understand? My child, Lord Devorton, is weak-minded. I have been ashamed of her heretofore because my brain was, forsooth, brilliant; and I hid her away and left her alone with only a servant to care for her poor little mind. To-night she has disappeared into the blackness of London. Hurry! She may be dead with cold already. Come."

She spoke with a suppressed sort of despair. The man noticed that her perfectly-chiselled features had not changed their expression except for a contraction of brow and lips, and then having directed the servants where they should search and sending one to the police, he hastened after Mrs. Brandon, out along the cold streets.



## II.

In a great bed of snow, they found her, with all the pretty color chilled from her face and her lovely limbs all stiff and cold.

A passing carriage was hailed, that they might get her home quickly, and the doctor whom they summoned said she was almost beyond hope. But they laid her on a couch in the warm library and worked for her piteous little life—the mother, despairingly but very calmly and quietly, the doctor with his professional exactness, and Lord Devorton with a tenderness which would have amazed Mrs. Brandon had she given a thought to anything save the graceful, still form with its closed eyes and damp bright hair.

And at last they were rewarded. Muriel's eyes opened, and though they could not make out what she said, she certainly spoke.

Impassive? Unfeeling? All Mrs. Brandon's composure flew to the winds in a moment, and falling on her knees and clasping her baby's hands, she kissed the little head passionately, and murmured over and over again to the child in that tender, loving tongue which is only spoken in motherland. Her face was transfigured.

Lord Devorton stood across the room, watching the wonderful love waken in that perfect face, and he felt a new emotion spring up in his own young heart.

"Amy, Lady Devorton," he whispered to himself as he turned and slipped noiselessly from the room.

"Lady Amy" is no longer leader of that most brilliant circle of London society to which she formerly gave her time and wealth, but she has her husband's most learned friends—writers, musicians, men of science—often gathered in her spacious rooms now, and always, in a big chair by my lord, or perhaps in the mother's arms, clasped close against the mother's heart, is the little girl with the golden hair and the vacant eyes.

ANNA C. GALES, '98.



MARCH.



## A DREAM IN SEVEN ACTS.



Two learned little maids set out upon a journey to the land of Knowledge, strongly united by both material and immaterial ties.

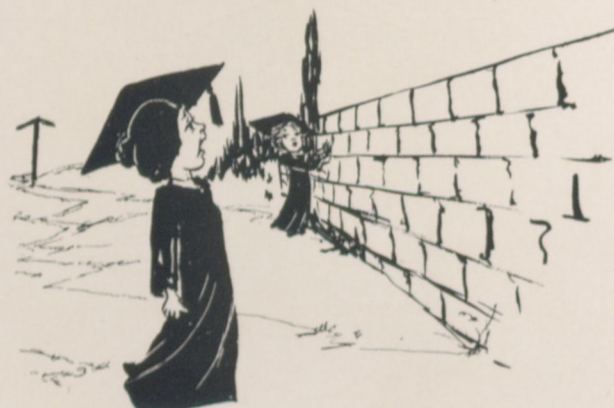


In mutual love and affection they travel on until they come to a place where the road divides, and on one guide-post they read "Orator," and upon the other "No Orator," whereupon there arises a dispute as to which of the two highways would lead them the more speedily to their destination.





After a sharp contest the little maid favoring the road of "No Orator," severs all ties, material and immaterial, between herself and her companion, and resuming the journey by the way of her choice, leaves the latter to resume it by the way of hers.



Thus divided they travel on until they meet with an obstacle in their way, which is altogether insurmountable, and they can do nothing but stare jealously at each other from the distance.



But finally they are compelled by many forces to accept the truth that in unity alone is there strength, and having slowly and cautiously approached one another, they agree upon reconciliation and concert of action.



After considerable effort and expenditure of muscular strength the difficulty is surmounted.



And reunited by old former ties they continue the interrupted journey in mutual love and affection.





EUEPIAN SOCIETY.



EUZELIAN SOCIETY.





DRAMATIC CLUB.



SKETCHING CLUB.





GLEE CLUB.



ORCHESTRA.





GUITAR AND MANDOLIN CLUB.





# THE WHOAMINGOMAGOG MINSTRELS.

## THOSE WHO APPEARED

### ON THE ENDS.

MISS NITA GRIMSLEY	AND	MISS ELLA FURMAN
MISS CARRIE FULLER	AND	MISS BLANCHE BUCKNER

### IN THE CHORUS.

MISS PEARL PENN,	MISS RETTA GRAY,
MISS ADELE STABLER,	MISS BESSIE REED,
MISS JESSAMAL CALLAWAY,	MISS MARY HORNOR.

### IN THE MIDDLE.

MR. JOSEPH TURNER.

### IN THE ORCHESTRA.

#### FIRST VIOLINS :

MISS EDITH L. WINN,  
MISS ROSA P. COCKE,  
MISS MAY PHELPS,  
MISS MARGIE MILLER,  
MISS SUSIE WILLIAMS,  
DR. PLEASANTS.

#### SECOND VIOLINS :

MISS MARIE DAMMANN,  
MISS MARGUERITE ALLEN,  
MISS EUGENIA FUERMAN,  
MISS ANNIE LOUISE LEE.

#### VIOLA :

MISS NINA BLOCK.

#### 'CELLO :

MRS. CHARLES R. FISHER.

#### CONTRA-BASS :

MR. CHARLES R. FISHER.

#### GUITARS :

MISS BESSIE POTTER,  
MISS LOUISE MACY,  
MISS ANNIE WILKINSON,  
MISS MINERVA COOLEY,  
MISS ELEANOR HOSKINS.

#### MANDOLINS :

MISS E. L. WINN,  
MISS AGNES WARREN.

#### DRUM :

MISS BONHAM KING.

#### BELLS :

MISS ANNIE M. SEAGO.

#### PIANO :

MISS DAISY ESTES.

## AN ECHO FROM THE MINSTRELS.

### MEDLEY.

[TUNE: Forsaken.]

The measles are spreading their shadows around  
And students are shedding their tears upon the ground,  
For Doctor McBryde, Professor of Belles Lettres,  
Has marked us down to fifty, with fifty more to get—  
But— (spoken)

[TUNE: America.]

It 's all the same to me,  
It 's all the same to me  
In a hundred years ;  
Let him renew exam.  
It is no use to cram ;  
Let us, as a little lamb,  
Follow at his will—

Sweet Marie, come to me,  
Come to me, sweet Marie,  
There is joy in my—  
Old oaken bucket,  
The iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket  
That hung in the—

[TUNE: In the Morning.]

Morning, in the morning by the bright light,  
When Caesar strikes upon the sweet triangle.—  
Oh, I went to the creek and I couldn't get across ;  
Want all the chillun for to follow me.  
I thought I saw Carter on a white horse,  
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah !  
In the morning, in the morning by the bright light,  
When Caesar strikes upon the sweet triangle.



[TUNE: Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye.]

They say that Heaven 's a wonderful place,  
But the Faculty won't be there.

They say that goodness shines in the face,  
Then the Faculty won't be there!

No, no, no, no,

No, no, no, no,

It fills us with horrible, heartrending woe,

That the Faculty *will not* be there!

They call dear Hollins a wonderful place,

That 's where they make their mistake;

For they 've never seen me, and they 've never seen you,

And they 've never seen Doctor Drake!

D-R-A-K-E, D-R-A-K-E, D-R-A-K-E—

Doctor *Expansion* Drake!

There is at Hollins a wonderful man,

Mr. Estes Cocke.

He has a guitar and a tuning fork,

And the sound of them gives us a shock:

Um-te-te-dum-dum,

Um te-te-dum dum,

Um-te-te-dum-dum,

Um-te-te-dum-dum,

Um-ts-te-dum-dum,

Um-te-te dum-dum,

Um-te-te-dum dum,

Um-te-te-dum-dum,

Um-te-te-dum-dum,

Um-te-te-dum-dum,

Um-te-te-dum-dum,

Um-te-te-dum-dum,

This is his tuning fork!

[TUNE: Massa's in the Cold, Cold, Ground]

Tell me not in mournful numbers,

Life is but a dream;

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem.

We are constantly disturbed

By Miss Parkinson.

She has never, never rested—

Oh, she is a watchful one!

Tolling and knelling;

Don't you hear that bell—

On a bicycle built for two.

Jingle bells, jingle bells,

Jingle all the way;

Oh, what fun it is to ride

In McLaughlin's basket-sleigh!

Jingle bells—

Chestnut bell (spoken),

Cow-bell (spoken),

Hollins belle (spoken),

Bell telephone (spoken),

Miss Belle (spoken).

[TUNE: Old Kentucky Home.]

Ah, there was a time in the history of the world

When Gaul was divided into thirds;

And there was a time when the sweet Hollins girl

Sang songs entirely without words;

And there was a time when there was no beef

Prepared by *chef de cuisine*;

And there was a time when, upon this sacred ground,

Not a horrid, hideous man was seen.

Weep no more, my lady;

It won't be long till June;

And—

There 'll be a hot time in the old town that night.

[TUNE: Good-night, Ladies.]

That night, Darlings,

That night, Darlings,

That night, Darlings,

It will be hard to part!

With—

[TUNE: They Wanted Me to Take His Place.]

Doctor Kusian is a teacher,

But does many things besides.

He talks of French and German roots,

Of ice cream, time and tides.

Not long ago he was taken sick;

The girls were in despair,

So they told Professor C. L. Cocke

That there was no teacher there.

CHORUS:

And they wanted me to take his place,

And do the best I could.

They said: "Go on and teach the class."

I did not think I would!



They said: "Just talk, make jokes and puns,—  
 Make bad ones, don't you see?  
 Then talk some more, and make some more;  
 How pleasant that would be!"

The director of music here is English-don't-you-know.  
 He plays the piano, and organ, and the bass fiddle—so—  
 One *Tuesday* night, not long ago,  
 He said he *would not* play—  
 The music people scratched their heads,  
 And then they came to me—

CHORUS.

For they wanted me to take his place,  
 And do the best I could;  
 To take in charge the music folks  
 I did not think I would!  
 "His wife," says I, "would pull my hair,  
 Or give me Henglish tea—  
 Bodell, I fear, would try to sing—  
 How pleasant that would be!"

[TUNE: Ching, a Ling-ling.]

We revel in song,  
 We sing all night long,  
 From midnight till morning;  
 When Lucifer's star shines clear in the East  
 We return from the feast,  
 To the tune of our light guitar, ching ching.

CHORUS.

Ching, a ling a ling, ching, a ling a ling;  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 This was the tune that we heard from afar:  
 Ching, a ling a ling, ching, a ling a ling,  
 To the tune of our light guitar, ching ching.

[TUNE: Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?

"Where, Oh where has Miss Agnes gone?"  
 She's gone to the Barbary States;  
 She's gone to cram, and she's gone to jam,  
 And she's gone to buy up more *dates*.  
 "Where, Oh where has your moustache gone?"  
 Mrs. Turner said to her son.  
 "I gave it away to a girl one day,"  
 Said he, "in Lexington."  
 "Where, Oh where is poor old Dash?"  
 Said Mr. Bodell, in French.  
 Said Dr. McB., "He is dead, you see."  
 That gave Mr. Bodell a wrench.

[TUNE: Old Grimes.]

They went unto the Sulphur Spring  
 Quite anxiously, these twain.  
 The dog was there. Mr. B. tore his hair;  
 Said, "He never could love again."

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
 How does your garden grow?  
 With silver bells and cockle shells  
 And pretty maids all in a row.  
 H-o-l-l-i-n-s—

Hollins!

Hollins!

Hollins!





AUNT MILLY.

## MY MAMMY AND I.

In the midst of life's work it is sweet,  
For my mammy and I just to meet,  
And talk of times past,  
Of the days gone by!  
And our love for each other we can show  
For true love, like a stream, must on flow  
In deeds of real kind  
Which to us are nigh!

Of my youthful, sweet ways, she will tell  
And upon my obedience dwell,  
To all her desires,  
While face with joy shines;  
And the pranks of "Br'er Rabbit" she would sing,  
Which, from her vast stores she could bring,  
To get me from bed  
And from slumber's blinds!

Of present, sad trials, we both talk,  
And say that in good paths we now walk,  
While we aim at right  
And religion hold fast!  
At the wrongs done to us we must look  
And injustice, which hardly we brook,  
But leave it with God,  
Great judge at the last!

Of life's things that really are grand,  
Is love which time's test can withstand  
And never be wanting—  
In all cases be true!  
And it reminds us of what is above  
Of the model of God "who is love;"  
We give Him our thanks  
To whom they are due!

—M. M. PLEASANTS.





THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE G. A. A.



"S H-H! Tennis-ball, have you no more sense than to come bouncing in here like that, when the light bell sounded an hour ago? You'll get sent back to that big box in Eleanor Dinwiddie's room, and I, through your conduct, will have to go back and hang over Imogen Hicks' window."

BICYCLE: "Can't you all stop fussing and quiet down a little? You'll have every wheel in here awake. If you can't keep still, I wish you would go home."



BASKET-BALL: "May I inquire the object of this meeting?"

WHEEL: "If you can keep that tennis-ball quiet a minute or two, I'll tell you. I belong to Louise Ward and every time we've gone out this spring she has talked about nothing but SPINSTER, SPINSTER, SPINSTER; she talks to anybody that will listen; for a long time I wondered what this SPINSTER could be——"

TENNIS-BALL: "He-he-he-he!"

WHEEL: "Now, what are you giggling about?"

TENNIS-BALL: "Why, just because you think there isn't but one spinster on this place, and—he-he-he!—one evening when two of the girls and I were playing tennis, they commenced to count *old maids*, and after they had counted about fifteen, one girl said, 'Well I believe they are nearly all *spinsters*'—you know a spinster is one who has had a chance, and an old maid hasn't. Now, a chance for what? I don't know, but I do know there are fifteen spinsters and you didn't think there was but one. *What a joke!*"

WHEEL: "You are crazy. This SPINSTER has nothing to do with old maids and if you interrupt me again I shall feel like beating you——"

TENNIS-BALL [*In low voice.*]: "Handle bars, eh?"

WHEEL: "As I was saying—hush! what 's that noise?"

A slow step approaches, and a weak timid voice is heard, "Please, Mr. Wheel."

WHEEL: "Who are you?"

CROQUET Mallet: "I'm just a croquet mallet. I heard you had called a meeting of representatives of the different athletic sports, and I thought maybe you had sent me word and I didn't get it, and, sir, I just came to see."

TENNIS-BALL: "So you pulled up stakes and started did you? Offer the gentleman your seat, Mr. Wheel."

WHEEL: "You impudent little wretch! Basket-ball, if you don't keep that upstart still, I shall adjourn the meeting, and I have important business on my mind."

BASKET-BALL: "Look here, kid, if you don't calm down a little, you will be taken home; you occupy a very small place in the world, and should temper your opinion and voice to harmonize with your size."





ATHLETIC GROUNDS.



TENNIS-BALL: "A little slow, young friend. I *myself am* small and young; but I represent a very old and honored family; you are extremely young in your Hollins life, only three years old, while—I think I'm safe in saying it—tennis courts were made on these grounds many years before Uncle Billy's recitation-room was built, and I've no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Hollins played tennis here. What would they have said, had they seen a girl riding a wheel or playing basket-ball? I hate to think of their mortification. I'm through Mr. Wheel, go on, but don't tire us."

WHEEL: "It's time you are through; hush! As I was saying, Louise Ward talks and talks about SPINSTER and I've found out it's to be a *book* with everything in it,—at least I thought everything for a while, but don't you know I've heard her talk to a little fat girl she calls Ella for hours at a time about illustrations, essays, translations, essays, stories, commencement, societies, clubs, fraternities, Saturday nights, poems, and a thousand other things; I've heard her talk to a big tall girl she calls Nell, for hours more about bills, receipts, checks, advertisements, subscriptions, and Mr. Stone forever, but do you know she has never in my presence, mentioned athletics!"

TENNIS-BALL: "There'll be a racket or two raised and the deuce to pay, if she doesn't mention it; it's pre-pos-ter-ous."

BASKET-BALL [*indignantly*]: "It is an insult. There must be some mistake—not mention *basket-ball*! It is the most attractive, beneficial, healthful, invigorating——"

CROQUET MALLET [*plaintively*]: "Lulie and Charlotte and Margaret have had such a good time playing croquet; I wish they would mention it in the SPINSTER."

(Suppressed giggles from Basket- and Tennis-balls.)

WHEEL: "I am glad to see that you are all interested, and none of you have more cause to complain than I, who am loved and revered by every one—teachers, pupils and servants. And something must be done. My plan is this: let's talk, to-night, about what we've each done this session; you all tell me and I'm going to try mighty hard to get it in that SPINSTER. I don't know how it's to be done, but 'where there's a will there's a way.'"



BASKET-BALL: "We are deeply indebted to you, Mr. Wheel, for such thoughtfulness and kindness. I sincerely hope your plan can be carried through."

TENNIS-BALL: "Mr. Wheel has carried Louise Ward through a good many times and I guess he can carry this. I know I'll do my part; Louise likes tennis, and if I can't work her by a love game, I shall carry the matter to court."

WHEEL: "You are a right bright little fellow, if you are impudent."

TENNIS-BALL: "But let's get to work. Croquet Mallet, are you asleep? Poor old kid. Wake up and tell us what you want put in the SPINSTER and then run back to bed."

CROQUET MALLET [*yawning*]: "Yes, sir; why, sir—well, Lulie and——"

TENNIS-BALL: "Chestnuts!"

WHEEL: "Be still Tennis-ball! you told us that once, Croquet Mallet, and I'll remember it in my report, but what else must go in?"

CROQUET MALLET [*cagerly*]: "Why, sir, when Nina Block and Katie Scherr sprained their ankles playing basket-ball they both played croquet just lots."

BASKET-BALL: "Whe-ew-ew! that was away back in '96—this session, Croquet Mallet."

CROQUET MALLET: "Oh, yes, I forgot, I'm *so* sleepy. I guess, Mr. Wheel, I haven't done much. Croquet seems to be dying out and it is such a nice quiet game, too. I wonder why people don't play it more. I guess I'll go to bed, Mr. Wheel, but you'll say *something* about croquet won't you? Lulie and Mar—Oh, I'm so sleepy—goodnight; it was good of you to let me stay."

BASKET-BALL: "That's a right pitiful case. I wonder if we shall all be thrown aside some day by something new. But go on, Mr. Wheel, about that book."

WHEEL: "As for my family it *shall* be in that SPINSTER. Why girls have gone from here remembering, distinctly, the bicycle rides to Cloverdale when they didn't remember at all the periods of the French Revolution nor the conjugation of irregular French verbs. Do you know there are at least forty wheels in this school? Miss Mary Pleasants takes the girls to the store on hers every Monday evening——"

TENNIS-BALL: "How many girls?"

WHEEL: "Didn't I tell you to hush? she rides and the girls walk. Miss Marian Bayne has one, too; I mean what is left of a wheel, for she has nearly cleaned it all away. Miss Agnes Terrell rides one because it is a healthful exercise (Miss A. doesn't like to walk). Oh, I can't begin to mention all of the teachers that have them, and did you ever hear about Miss Marian catching Miss Belle Lester out on somebody's wheel one night? You know Miss Belle's room opens into this hall and nobody knows how many good rides that lady has."

TENNIS-BALL: "Mighty careful better be Miss Belle, lest her get caught."

WHEEL: "I consider the source; didn't you hear about Dr. McBryde's bicycle tournament? Well, the one this session didn't amount to as much as the one he tried to have last year; he tried his best and said 'It'll be fine, *fine*, don't give it up; why, it will be enjoyable and humorous.' The girls were enthusiastic at first but it didn't last long; they couldn't have it Thanksgiving so they didn't have it at all."

BASKET-BALL: "Why didn't they have it this spring? the track is good I'm sure."

WHEEL: "Of course the track is good, fine! no glass or sharp stones on it now, *no sir*, but, good gracious! Dr. McBryde hasn't had time to bother with bicycle tournaments; he has to care for Junior Lit. Why, that dear creature has to be taken out walking every evening, bathed several times a week, be taught to 'fetch,' and all sorts of tricks. You are so inconsiderate, Basket-ball. Speaking of that track, Mr. Turner said it would 'be out o' sight next season.'"



TENNIS-BALL: "Then will you explain the use of putting so much time and expense on it now if it is to be gone next session?"

WHEEL: "Go ask Mr. Turner! I hope the girls will use it more; it's a fine place to ride and if it isn't used, it would be much



better for the association to spend time and funds on something else—a good place to keep the wheels, for instance. We get mighty dusty and scratched up in this open hall.”

TENNIS-BALL: “Why, yes, Dr. Kusian might have a bicycle hall built in connection with his bowling alley, then when Sally Jones would come in for her wheel you could all sing ‘Sally in our Alley’ and have a gay old time.”

WHEEL: “Bicycles usually conduct themselves in a more dignified manner, Tennis-ball, especially in Dr. Kusian’s sight.”

TENNIS-BALL: “I beg your pardon, Mr. Wheel, I forgot the bearing of your family, an admirable, *well rounded* bearing, I’m sure—*ball-bearing*.”

WHEEL: “A compliment for the sake of a pun, I think, but let me tell you another need of the Bicycle family—a good pump, not a little hand affair but a big substantial one; then have all the wheels put in good running order before the riders leave the grounds——”

TENNIS-BALL: “And, say? What then would be the difference between the bicycle and the girl that rode it?—Pshaw! that’s dead easy. The girl would go out to get fresh air and the wheel would take it before they started.”

WHEEL: “Well, now, after that, do you consider yourself able to tell us something about tennis? Basket-ball won’t mind being last for we all know he’s not least.”

TENNIS-BALL: “Delighted! delighted! I was brought here about October the fifteenth and placed in a big box in Eleanor Dinwiddie’s room, with a number of my brothers. Of course, people were playing tennis hard by that time and, *law!* but we were kept dancing, each one trying to go out every evening. I got there pretty often and when I didn’t I made my brothers tell me what they did. Both courts were kept filled from four o’clock till triangle and the girls fussed because they didn’t have more and I don’t blame them; the association certainly ought to try to have at least two more courts before next September. They have that good fence now around the athletic grounds and there is no danger of equinal games. The girls had a pretty hard time keeping people from climbing that fence instead of going to the gate, and it’s a wire fence which would





GREEN AND WHITE TEAM.



soon be ruined; and do you all know who was the first person to break the law against that climbing? Mr. Estes Cocke. Speaking of Mr. Cocke, reminds me of the tennis tournament. He, you know,



has his picture in "Corks and Curls" as a tennis champion of the University of Virginia, and he is just in his element when he can get up a good tennis tournament. Last session it was *fine*, but this year the girls didn't begin early enough and not many wanted to play in it; 'fraid they would get defeated I guess. Mr. Cocke worked hard for it and so did the Tennis Manager,

but they looked discouraged and seemed to see a black cloud hanging over their plans. They saw rightly, too, for the week that was set for the games I never saw so much rain in my life; and by the time the clouds cleared away there was a death in school which cast a shadow over the tournament."

WHEEL and BASKET-BALL: "Who died?"

TENNIS-BALL: "*Enthusiasm*, from a complication of diseases, but one which was most effective, and which we feared would lay its destructive hand on Dr. McBryde and Miss Gormley proved only play."

BASKET-BALL: "A pretty hard kind of play."

TENNIS-BALL: "Y-e-e-s, some parts of it; 'Esmeralda' was the play."

WHEEL: "Now you are getting funny again and we haven't time to waste. Go on!"

TENNIS-BALL: "I haven't much more to tell because they never did finish the tournament. They have been playing all spring but guess the tournament is a thing of the past; the championship in singles lies between Mattie Cocke and Dell Stabler, and that of the doubles must be 'lying in the cold, cold grave' I guess. Don't know where else it is. But I, one ball, and my brothers will agree, am ready and anxious to enter a tournament early next Fall, and if players don't come at their appointed time—game lost, and chance,



too, for one of those fine rackets that were sent over here by Caldwell & Sites, Heironimus & Brugh, Catogni, and Roanoke Cycle Co. Yes, sir, those firms did send good Spalding rackets to the Hollins girls for tournament prizes and I want you, Mr. Wheel, to extend to those gentlemen, through the SPINSTER, the thanks of the Tennis family, for we appreciate greatly, such attention and kindness. I guess that 's all, so, Basket-ball, tell us about your tournament; was it as successful as those of Mr. Bicycle and myself?"

BASKET-BALL: "We have no such thing in basket-ball."

TENNIS-BALL: "Well, you have something that you wanted to have last year and couldn't, I know that."

BASKET-BALL: "Did I interrupt you in your report? Mr. Wheel, I want first, in the SPINSTER, pictures of the basket-ball teams——"

WHEEL: "But I can't take pictures."

BASKET-BALL: "Well, these pictures were taken the other day for *something*, and they must go in for basket-ball players; show just how healthy and happy they are. Why, the basket-ball girls look stronger than any girls in school."

WHEEL: "I think that a pretty broad statement."

TENNIS-BALL: "So do I. Nancie Pool, Dell Stabler and Elizabeth George don't play basket-ball and just you show me a more blooming trio."

BASKET-BALL: "It is my opinion that if these young ladies, and others, who complain of their weight would take such exercise as basket-ball their avoirdupois would be decreased, and I'm sure the three named would be much *happier*."

WHEEL: "Well, tell us about your games of this year."

BASKET-BALL: "We had some good ones I can tell you; the ground had been filled, rolled and fixed up splendidly, but it wasn't sodded well enough for playing so the girls had to use another, not so good, and leave that fine one for next session girls. Nevertheless, the girls enjoyed basket-ball more than ever last fall, and they certainly did get down to good playing. The managers were elected early, teams chosen, and the work began. Ethel Willis had the





BLUE AND BLACK TEAM.



'Green and White' team, and Jolly Mizner the 'Blue and Black,' and pretty evenly divided they were. If the 'Greens' won one evening, the 'Blues' said Mr. Turner, the umpire, had let them hold the ball; and if the 'Blues' won the next why the 'Greens' said Mr. Turner hadn't counted the fouls. That is the way they treated him—I saw it all—but that gentleman knew how to train for basket-ball and he just went ahead, working faithfully every evening and not



minding at all a little fuss now and then; hearing all sorts of bad things said about him, and, thinking those girls didn't know a good thing when they had it. One afternoon there was a mighty exciting game. After a while each side had made two goals and things had grown so exciting that nearly every teacher was down there, some yelling for 'Green' and some for 'Blue.' Three or four times I went to the 'Blue' basket and danced around on the

rim and rolled off and people don't know to this day why I didn't go in, but I do."

WHEEL and TENNIS-BALL: "Why?"

BASKET-BALL: "Why when I'd get up there I could see down over the hedge, and the people on the ground couldn't, and don't you know, Dr. Kusian was behind the bushes peeping through. My, but he was excited! Came very near jumping over into the fight and held his hand over his mouth to keep from yelling when other people did; well, when I'd get up there and see him I'd forget completely that I should go in the basket and off I'd go. The last game we played was one evening when the ground was very muddy and the longer we played the muddier it got. The girls got mad because Mr. Turner made them keep on, and oh, how they did play then! When one would slip and fall and three or four more fall in the same place, Mr. Turner would say, 'Now you're playing, keep the ball going (and goodness me, it seemed to me I was in a thousand places every second); I wish I could get you mad and muddy every



evening.' They got excited and played till dark, making no goals, but it was the best playing of the season, I know. Now, you all put in your requests and I'll put in mine—tell the alumnæ please to hurry and build the gymnasium so we can play basket-ball, and the girls have rosy cheeks and sound heads all winter; they can study twice as hard, I know, after a good game. Those were happy days last fall, and sometimes now when Imogen is studying I get to thinking of them and almost yell for 'Green and Blue' and old 'Hollins' too. Let's all give the yells now, sorter quiet like, and then go home; you all know them. One, two, three,—

#### GREEN AND WHITE.

Brack-a-co-wak  
Co-wak-co-wite!  
Brack-a-co-wak-co-wite!  
Halla-go-walla-go-walla-go-wite!  
We are the girls of the Green and White!

#### BLACK AND BLUE.

Roo-rah-roo!  
Hip-hi-hoo!  
Rip-boom—Zip-boom!  
Black and Blue!

#### HOLLINS.

Who are we!  
Guess! Guess!  
H-o-ll-i-n-s!

#### “L'AMI DE LA REINE.”

[Translated from the French of Charles Grandmougin.]

THAT day Marie Antoinette was bored more than usual by the royal austerities of Versailles. Trianon had been given to her by the king, “as a bouquet, since she loved flowers.” This was her husband's very expression. But in spite of the bouquets, the running water, the mythological temples and the well-kept lawns, the young woman was often melancholy.

Court form was her thraldom. If the people below her suffered taxes, misery, she, at the summit of her power, had not an instant for solitude, for thought, for freedom: at eight o'clock it was the maid who had charge of her dresses; then it was the bath, then little receptions, hearing of mass, dining, surrounded by hypocritical valets and courtiers who were her enemies; and so on until sunset.

Mme. de Noailles and Mme. de Morsan were among the most formidable guardians of the court form of the queen; for Marie Antoinette their company was a rod that never pitied, their plans, an unending punishment, and at the mercy of this tyrant court, which did not let her brighten up, live or even think in accordance with her own taste, she commenced to feel stings of rebellion; she was subject to quick fits of passion, and many tears, though hastily wiped away, came to her eyes.

A young woman of Brittany, Martha, who was one of her maids, seemed to understand the disquietude of Marie Antoinette; the austerity of the court kept her from speaking to the queen, but her glances, raised with tender, sorrowful pity toward her mistress, plainly bespoke a heart full of sympathy. The queen felt that she could trust this child better than her court friends, and from that



time there existed between them a quasi-friendship; nature brought together these two bright, joyous young creatures, in spite of the strictness of court rules and the social barrier that necessarily separated the queen of France from an obscure servant.

One winter evening after supper, boring and ceremonious, the queen had Martha come into her chamber, and said to her with animation:

"To-night, at ten o'clock, you must have a hackney-coach kept waiting for me secretly, and you must go with me to Paris."

It was not for Martha to offer an objection; she bowed her head in assent, and withdrew.

Two hours later, while the wind whistled in the trees of deserted Trianon and everything seemed asleep in the houses, the queen and Martha went out by the little park gates and climbed quickly into a hackney-coach. The driver thought that his passengers were two chambermaids.

The night was wild, dark, and drops of rain beat against the shaking windows of the vehicle, which was going at full speed.

"You know where we are going?" said the queen.

"I know nothing, your majesty."

"I have here two domino costumes which we are to put on before entering Paris. We are going to the masquerade ball at the Opera House."

Martha uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You are shocked?" replied the queen. "But you must understand that I require now and then another life than that of Trianon. A queen is a woman after all, and, without meaning any harm, I think I have the right of granting myself the pleasure which the middle class of Paris does not deny itself. I know that you are faithful and discreet; that is why I take you with me."

Martha trembled for the queen.

"Are the masks thick enough?" she ventured timidly.

"Oh, yes!" said Marie Antoinette, laughing, "and the dominos very full. People will take us for little flower girls."

"Let us hope so!"

The city gates were soon reached, and several minutes later, in a beating rain, they entered the second hall of the Palais Royal, which was used then for performances and masquerade balls.

Masked, well enveloped in their dominos, and somewhat quaking, the two women made their appearance in the hall, which was already filled with a variegated assembly of Turks, Harlequins, Columbines, clowns and Punches, and lighted by numerous chandeliers.

The orchestra made a great noise, and the quadrilles put into high spirits the many-colored crowd, surging, storming, and moving like a wave of the sea.

This noisy crowd, these dancers, this free conversation these cries, borrowed sometimes from animals, were not without their intoxication for the queen. She was going where her fancy sent her, she could laugh freely, could see an unrestrained and high-spirited crowd, could mingle in the common excitement; out of the clutches of all her guardians, she enjoyed herself with the ecstasy of an ignorant child and the joy of a delivered prisoner.

The violins were playing the prelude to a gavotte, when, at the foot of a column, the two women were approached by a coarse fellow, disguised under a false nose and a moustache of horse-hair, who said to them with the nasal accent of a Neapolitan:

"Me invitee von of zee ladees to zee gavotte."

Two cold "thank you's" were his answer.

He insisted:

"If zee pretty ladees, whom me zuspect to be of rank, prefer a quadrille, me am still willing to charm von of zem wiz me compance."

"Find some one else," said Martha.

"And you, me fair one?" said he to the queen, blocking her way.

"Leave us!" said Marie Antoinette, with authority.

When he wished to put his arm around her waist, she responded with a resounding slap, which knocked off the false nose and moustache of the ruffian.

"Zounds!" said he, recovering his French accent, "here is a woman who will pay for this."

A crowd collected around them.

"To slap me in the face in the midst of a ball!" cried the man; "to take off my mask! We are going to have you punished, you minxes!"



And he called two policemen, who recognized him for an influential personage, for they bowed.

"Take these two women to the nearest police station," he ordered, "and keep them under guard until to-morrow."

The policemen carried away the women, trembling, dead with fear.

"Where are you taking us?" said the queen.

"To the nearest police station."

"Here are a hundred crowns for you, if you will let us go."

"Impossible, madames," grumbled one of them. "You will settle that with the police judge of Châtelet. You must report to the officer."

"He is as mean as a dog," added the other.

It was under this escort that they arrived at a mean hall on the Street Saint Honoré where, in candle-light, policemen were playing cards on empty barrels. In the absence of the police judge of Châtelet, who was perhaps engaged in dancing at the masquerade, the two policemen made their report to the sentinel sergeant, who took charge of the prisoners, and returned to their duty.

"Take off your masks," commanded the sergeant.

"Impossible!" said the queen.

"Your names?"

"Martha and Marie."

"Ah! as it is in the Gospel; that is charming. Why did you strike this officer?"

"He insulted us," said the queen.

"I am obliged to keep you here."

"You will be obliged to let us go."

"You think so?"

"I am sure. All that I ask is to say a few words to you, alone."

"Very well," said the sergeant, already struck with this firm, young voice.

Then, referring to Martha:

"Keep an eye on this young lady, with all the consideration she seems to deserve."

"Come, madame," murmured the sergeant, showing the way to his office.

She entered, he followed her, and the door shut.

It was a dark, poorly-lighted hall, with deep, narrow windows; tables and chairs, polished by use, reflected vaguely the lights of brass candlesticks with two arms. A thick register was open near a leaden inkstand, and some old goose-quills scattered here and there. The sergeant invited the queen to sit opposite him, and then took his seat at the table.

"A hundred crowns for you, if you will give me my liberty," said the queen.

"You are then very rich?"

"Perhaps."

"Who are you?"

"What matters it to you?"

"I must know you; I wish to," said the sergeant, whose curiosity was now aroused.

He was a dark, handsome fellow with delicate features, an elegant moustache, a penetrating eye, good manners, and refined hands.

"And *why* wish to know me? I compromised myself at the ball, stupidly; the revealing of my name can ruin me forever."

"And if I swear that I will be silent?"

"Then all this is nothing but vain and dishonorable curiosity on your part."

The sergeant had his eyes fixed on the fingers of the queen on which shone a golden seal with a coat of arms.

"Your hands betray you," said he, "you are a great lady."

And he seized her arm eagerly.

The queen uttered a cry, and felt that she was going to faint. But the sergeant, carried away by his imperious desire, had with a delicate movement rapidly taken off her black velvet mask, the lower part of which was satin.

He staggered and, sinking heavily on his chair, cried:

"The queen!"

Then in the tone of a suppliant:



"Pardon me!"

Marie Antoinette, very pale, answered him:

"I pardon you; but do you swear to be silent?"

"I swear it."

"Always?"

"Until death?"

And continuing in a firm, mysterious tone, he said in a suppressed voice:

"And besides, I love you too much to injure your reputation."

"You—love me?" she said, utterly bewildered.

"I adore you!"

And with an utterance impetuous and feverish, he told her:

"Yes, I am to you a nobody, a madman, a culprit perhaps. But listen. I saw you for the first time when you entered Paris with the Dauphin, in state, by the *Porte de la Conférence*. I was one of the cavaliers. The crowd was around you. I was conquered by your beauty on the spot. I have said to myself a thousand times since then that I was a fool, a wretch, but your face has never left me. You have possession of me, I am yours forever; my will is silent. Yes, I, poor cavalier, poor dog from the country of Brittany, I have lived all my life in a few years, since your first appearance to me; for you are to me more than all the world. And here you are now before me, beautiful, charming, divine. Oh! how I love you! how unhappy I am!"

He hid his face in his hands and wept.

The queen was silent. Never had she heard a cry of love so sincere, so burning.

Her heart was fluttering. He continued:

"Yes, you are the queen of France, the sovereign of all, and I am only one of your low and obscure subjects; but no one in the world can keep me from adoring you; for I know that you are good and tender, for I see that you are beautiful and pure, and if I had been a prince,—and perhaps I have the heart of a prince,—it is I myself who would have wished to call you my own! Oh, forgive me! I blaspheme! My head is turned round!"

And falling on his knees:

"Your majesty, do not overwhelm me with your contempt. The heart, you see, knows neither rank nor hierarchies, nor duty, nor—anything. My love is not at my command, and my grief is fatal."

"Rise," commanded the queen, trembling.

She extended her hand, he kissed it passionately.

"Your name?" she said.

"Rosnoen."

"When you wish a favor for you or one of yours, you will have only to let me know."

"I ask nothing of your majesty but to keep yourself in happiness; what I ask of heaven is to protect your days."

\* \* \* \* \*

Rosnoen, his heart beating frantically, followed with his eyes the carriage disappearing into the night; and returned to his post, pale, dazed, but seeming to smile. His men looked at him without daring to ask questions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several years later, on a calm October morning, the queen, clad in a dark cloak, a black skirt, a white muslin kerchief and a lawn bonnet, was seated, by the side of the priest Girard, in the cart that was bearing her to the scaffold in the midst of a crowd, dense and hostile, which blocked the streets from the *Conciergerie* to the *Place de la Revolution*. Her beautiful fair hair had turned white; her eyes, quiet and almost disdainful, wandered over the women with their threatening fists, the national guards, the crowds of curious at the windows in the midst of floating flags. At the corner of the church of Saint Roch, a tempest of insults was hurled at her. At that very moment cries of "To arms" resounded in one of the narrow ways that ran into the street of Saint Honoré. She looked and saw some of the common people armed and guided by a guard who was turning his head toward them. There was a silence in the crowd around the cart, then a cry rose in the little street: "Let us deliver the queen!" The guard turned towards Marie Antoinette. He was Rosnoen. This time she became pale as death; quickly she exchanged glances with one whom she had not seen for so long, who loved her so much; and, in a brief and silent exchange of



thoughts, they spoke to each other; she: "I am grateful to you, farewell. You have a place in my heart." And he: "I wish to save you or die for you! I adore you!"

All that was but a flash. Rosnoen could only come as far as the cart with his little armed band. Cries of "Death to the traitor!" were raised, and in a moment he was surrounded, thrown from his horse and killed by the rabble and the national guard.

The cart continued its journey; the queen had turned around, but without seeing anything of it all, she had understood that this man had died for her, and tears of tenderness, despair and love, perhaps, rolled slowly down her cheeks. She heard no more the cries that rose around her, and, praying for death, she was already with God.

At a quarter past twelve her head fell, and the triumphant revolution rejoiced at the death of the charming and unfortunate woman whom court records called simply "widow Capet." E. S. F.



## HE AND SHE.

THEY had begun with the strong purpose to prove the generally-considered impossible, possible; and had succeeded to such an extent that their success was probably the most satisfactory part of the undertaking. The impossibility was a Platonic friendship, a Platonic friendship of indefinite length, and with no conclusion but that which comes to all friendships. Theirs dated back four years now, to the summer that she had come home, a Wellesley graduate, to take up the inevitable social responsibilities awaiting her, and had found an addition to the circle in which she was to move in the person of a young lawyer,—rising, of course.

She was different from most girls. Those who did not know her, and never could know her, called her queer; those who knew her slightly, called her shy; those who knew her best, said nothing about her except to confess their complete ignorance as to *what* she was.

She was not pretty, and only on rare occasions even attractive looking; but there was an indefinable something in her face that was fascinating to a certain class of people. Her lack of beauty and other social deficiencies had always been accepted facts with her. As a child her place had been in the background, and she had never rebelled either openly or secretly. Her college days had been among the happiest of her life. In them brain was the all essential, and she did not lack that. Many hours of that last year at school had been spent in wonderings and speculations as to the future. That she would not be a social success she realized perfectly well; that she would be expected to make the attempt she realized equally well; and it was this last realization more than the first that filled those last days of commencement with a sadness that almost at times overwhelmed her.



He, on the other hand, was like thousands of other men—above the average in many ways, but in others, distinctly with the herd. There was an air of self-satisfaction and self-confidence about his good-looking, well-groomed person that spoke of a life upon which Fortune had always smiled; an air, if clearly describable, might have led him to be considered conceited; but as it was distinctly indescribable, it insured him a position in both business and social relations which was decidedly enviable. Perhaps he was a little spoiled, this son of Fortune; perhaps he was selfish. But what of that? We are all more or less so, and there were reasons in his case.

They had met at the social function which for another girl would have been a *debut*, but which for her was the informal reception of the members of her prospective social circle. He often wondered afterwards how the friendship came about, but never explained it to himself satisfactorily. She, on the contrary, remembered and understood perfectly all the attending circumstances.

A little thing happened, one of the little things that mean so much in life. During the course of the evening he and she became at one time members of the same group. A remark was made by another member of the circle, evidently for her benefit. A trivial remark it was,—one of the nothings that compose the typical society conversation, but which calls forth a quick reply from the person addressed. All eyes were expectantly turned upon her, but overcome by the consciousness that much depended on this, the first test of her promptness *à la repartée*, she could only look helplessly around her in the awkward pause that followed. By chance his eyes met hers in their bewildered glance around the circle, and they appealed to a certain feeling of chivalry that every gentleman has for a woman in distress, so, with the ease of a man of the world he caught up the conversation, gave it a light turn, and kept the responsibility of it until the group separated.

This was the beginning,—on her side the foundation, gratitude; on his, the feeling that all of us have for something or somebody we have helped. In the relationship that followed this chivalrous attitude towards her was kept up by him. As she had anticipated, she was not a social success, and the attentions of a man who was distinctly one, meant much to her in many ways. He never once felt that she would misunderstand these attentions—she belonged to

that small class of woman with whom men feel safe, realizing that they themselves are so perfectly understood that no action of theirs will be misunderstood.

But it had taken time for the perfect adjustment of the relationship, and to-night as she sat by the drawing-room fire listening for his ring, she was thinking of that time before all was settled and understood. Those summer days four years ago—the knowledge that they were and would be the happiest of her life had been with her ever since, but why, she could never explain to herself; nor could she explain that feeling of vague resentment that so possessed her when he laid before her his plan for the final establishment of their future relations to each other. There was much in herself that she did not understand,—she understood other people better.

He had been away four weeks now, and she had missed him sorely, she said to herself, as she heard the sounds announcing his arrival. There were so many things met with in her recent reading that she wished to show him—so many new thoughts that she wished to share with him, and it was with a face very full of welcome that she crossed the room to greet him.

"At last! base deserter," she cried, extending both hands in welcome, "I was beginning to think that the fascinations of sporting life had been too great for you, and that your ambition to kill five ducks at one fire had swallowed up all others, even that of becoming a judge of the Supreme Court."

"I must confess," he laughingly answered, as he followed her to the fire, "that I enjoyed the change from prosecuting slayers to becoming one myself, immensely—so immensely indeed, that I am afraid that my career as a criminal lawyer is ended."

They did not sit down immediately, but stood facing each other upon the hearth-rug, exchanging the commonplaces of the welcomer and welcomed. All at once she paused in the midst of a sentence, stopped short by the sudden realization that the face of the man before her was not that of the man whom she had told good-bye four weeks ago.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" she asked after a minute's scrutiny of the changed face, "I hardly know you. You look as if something—something very, very pleasant had happened to you."



He reddened under her searching look, and his eyes turned to the blaze with a guilty, bashful droop.

"Something very pleasant has happened to me," he replied, as if making some confession of which he was ashamed, "the most pleasant thing that ever happens to man or woman. I came to-night to tell you about it." Then turning to face the look of eager interest in her eyes, he blurted out, "I am in love."

The eager eyes did not drop, the firm mouth did not flinch; perhaps the color in her face faded a little, but that was all. Another girl, under similar circumstances, would have mentally completed the sentence with the words "with you," would have grown conscious and drooped her head; but she was not another girl, only herself, and this self had never had day-dreams as other girls have them. She did not lack sentiment, it is true, and she loved love as she did all other beautiful things, but looked upon it with the reverence that one feels for an object that he knows will never come within his reach.

A minute's silence followed his confession, so boyishly made. At last she spoke and her voice was strong and clear.

"Dear friend," she said, "I need not tell you that I am glad—very glad—I could not ask greater happiness for you than this. I know that she, to whom you have given your love is worthy of that love, and I wish you both all joy from the very bottom of my heart." And the look that met his was full of such earnest friendliness that he was more than repaid for all past sacrifices made for her sake.

This look seemed to take away his embarrassment and such a torrent of speech followed that she several times laughingly begged him to pause for breath. Their meeting at the house-party, her grace, her beauty, the gorgeousness of her eyes, the perfection of her mouth, her nose, her sweetness, her popularity,—all the details of which he gave with a lover's eagerness and a lover's extravagance.

She listened patiently, nay even interestedly, not even wincing at his description of the other girl's personal attractions. Perhaps the vague consciousness of her own lack of them was in her mind as he was speaking, for she smiled a little when he came to the mouth; hers, she had always considered a blot upon creation. She had seated herself during his almost unintelligible flow of words, and

as soon as there came a slight cessation, she motioned him to a chair opposite her.

"No, not to-night thank you; I only came to break the news. I have some important letters to write—no an important *letter*," he gaily corrected himself, "but I am coming again soon to tell you all."

"You must," she said, rising to bid him good-night. "I am so much interested;" then added with a queer little laugh, "but I am afraid that I can not wholly sympathize, for I haven't had much experience along those lines."

And he went home to write his letter, and she went back to her place by the fire to sit and dream—of the other girl. S.





## THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S BURDEN.



TAKE up the school-girl's burden,  
Rise ere the dawn is gray ;  
Huddle your books around you  
For another weary day ;  
Take up the Math. and Logic  
For one last squeezing cram,  
And then groan over the awful thought  
Of that history exam.

Take up the schoolgirl's burden.  
Lengthen your face a mile,  
Droop academic shoulders  
With a wanly patient smile ;  
Add to your sad, pale forehead  
Another anxious crease ;  
Drain that third cup of coffee,  
And bid the headache cease.

Take up the schoolgirl's burden,  
And then for all your toil  
Get "squelches" and demerits  
For burning midnight oil ;  
"Skip" walking and diversions,  
Whatever else you do,  
And on examinations  
Ne'er hope that you "got through."

Take up the school-girl's burden  
Of homesick, still despair,  
Make misery a luxury,  
Drown in a sea of care ;  
And when it all is over,  
Softened in mem'ry's haze,  
Then say in tender accents :  
"Those happy girlhood days."

L. B.





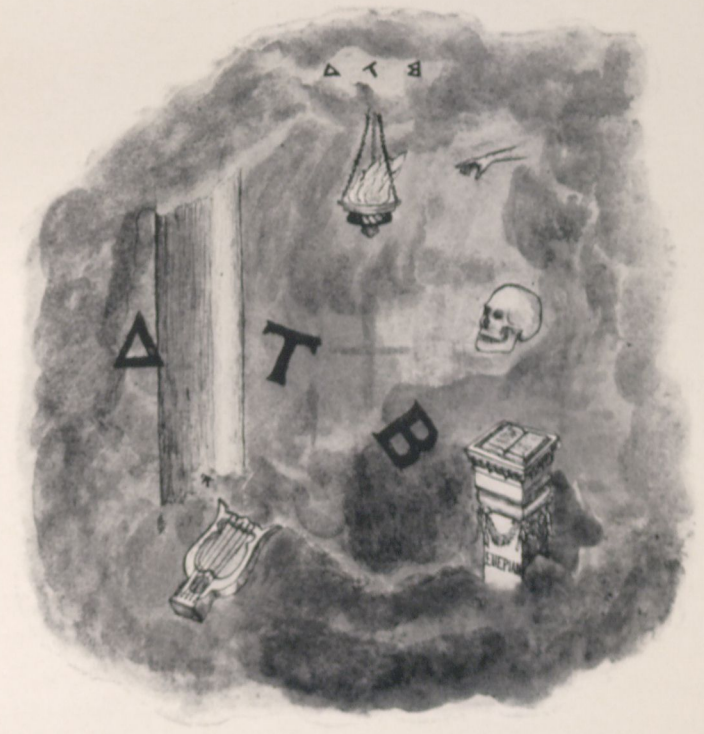
THE SPINSTER STAFF.





APRIL.







# Δ T B

---

COLORS : Maroon and Gold.

MOTTO : Chyeunhostlet Oufhohur umfetukjn.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT : Flibbertigiblet.

## OFFICERS OF THE GREAT UNCANNY.

Grand Maid of Skull and Bones,	“ SHERRY ” BLOCK.
Keeper of the Royal Candlesticks,	“ MAX ” LIPSCOMB.
Mistress of the Coffin,	“ PEACHY ” WILLIAMS.
Scribe to Flibbertigiblet,	“ SPORT ” HOSKINS.

## MEMBERS

MARIE LOUISE DAMMANN,	Tennessee.
MARY ETHEL LIPSCOMB,	Virginia.
ELEANOR CARY HOSKINS,	Tennessee.
NINA ESTHER BLOCK,	Arkansas.
LU RETTA GRAY,	North Carolina.
MABEL THOMAS FULLER	Tennessee.
SUSIE BURKS WILLIAMS,	Washington.
CARRIE JETER FULLER,	Tennessee.

## YELL.

Hoo-ra-ree, Hoo-ra-ree

Who are we but the Δ T B?

Are we in it? Yes, we be!

Rough sports, tough sports, Δ T B!!





SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.  
CHICAGO, ILL.



# Δ T B

DEDICATED TO THE  
DELTA TAU BETAS  
OF HOLLINS.

TWO-STEP.

BY  
NINA ESTHER BLOCK.

The musical score is written for piano and treble clef. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system includes dynamics *mf* and *sf*. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score concludes with a repeat sign and a double bar line.



# IOTA PHI PHI.

FOUNDED 1896, AT SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

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## \* GAMMA CHAPTER.

FOUNDED 1896.

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JUSTINA BABB,	West Virginia.
LULA MAY BUTLER,	Virginia.
SADIE FURMAN,	Texas.
ELLA SANDIDGE FURMAN,	Texas.
ELIZABETH BARNETT GRIMSLEY,	Virginia.
NANCY BROADDUS POOL,	South Carolina.
AZILE MCHARDY POOL,	South Carolina.
JESSICA MAUVIN QUINBY,	Virginia.
HENRIETTA CHAUNCEY QUINBY,	Virginia.
MARY STAIGE WOODFIN,	Virginia.

---

\*Beta Chapter, founded 1897, at Converse College, S. C.

\*Delta Chapter, founded 1899, at Agnes Scott Institute, Ga.





IOTA PHI PHI.





JOHNSON    PENN    HOUSE    M. COOLEY    ESTES    D. COOLEY    WOOD    SYKES

YELL.

Raw-bones, Saw-bones  
 Skull-and-cross-bones  
 Sis-boom-bah,  
 Phi Mu Gamma.  
 Rah ! Rah ! Rah !





COLORS : Turquoise Blue and Black.

LORD AND MASTER : Job xxviii, 28.

MOTTO : *Γνωθι Ζεαρον.*

GUARDIAN SPIRIT : Keorstas.

PENN,	. . . . .	North Carolina.
WOOD,	. . . . .	Alabama.
SYKES,	. . . . .	Virginia.
M. COOLEY,	. . . . .	Kentucky.
D. COOLEY,	. . . . .	Kentucky.
ESTES,	. . . . .	Florida.
JOHNSON,	. . . . .	Missouri.
HOUSE,	. . . . .	Texas.

Meetings held every fortnight.



## NÜZA KÁMA CLUB.

ESTABLISHED AT "HOLLINS" SEPTEMBER, 1898.

---

ANNE LOUISE LEE, (President)	. . . .	Columbus, Mississippi.
MARY ALDEN DENNY, (Sec. and Treas.)	. . . .	Rome, Georgia.
OLIVIA BROOKE HELMS,	. . . .	Richmond, Virginia.
MAUDE GARNETT STEEL,	. . . .	Richmond, Virginia.
REBEKAH BONHAM KING,	. . . .	Rome, Georgia.
ELIZABETH SEYMOUR POTTER,	. . . .	Franklin, Kentucky.
MARY TYFORD HORNOR,	. . . .	Helena, Arkansas.
HARRIET ELIZABETH HORNOR,	. . . .	Helena, Arkansas.
IMOGEN HICKS,	. . . .	Rockdale, Texas.
ROSA PEARL MAYS,	. . . .	Moon Lake, Mississippi.
ANNE ELIZABETH WILKINSON,	. . . .	Austin, Texas.
LOUISE PORTWOOD MACEY,	. . . .	Versailles, Kentucky.
ETHEL MILES WILLIS,	. . . .	Vicksburg, Mississippi.





NÛZA KÂMA CLUB.





KENTUCKY CLUB.



## ·KENTUCKY CLUB·



SONG : " Old Kentucky Home."

COLORS : Crimson and Gold.

YELL : Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Ken-tuck-ee,

Blue Grass Lasses

Of K. C.

### OFFICERS.

#### PRESIDENTS.

ETHEL WITHERSPOON,  
ALYS L. BAUGHMAN,  
JOSEPHINE E. TARLETON.

#### TREASURERS.

JOSEPHINE E. TARLETON,  
ELIZABETH S. POTTER,  
KATHARINE A. BAUGHMAN.

### SECRETARIES.

ELIZABETH L. McCABE,  
MINERVA E. COOLEY,  
BLANCH R. BUCKNER.

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ALYS L. BAUGHMAN,  
DORA H. BAUGHMAN,  
EDNA L. BAUGHMAN,  
KATHARINE A. BAUGHMAN,  
KATRINA W. BAUGHMAN,  
BLANCH R. BUCKNER,  
ELOISE CHRISTIAN,  
DAISIBELLE COOLEY,  
MINERVA E. COOLEY,

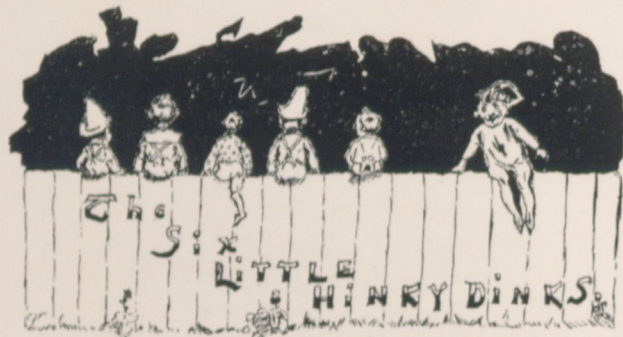
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MAUD M. DU VAL,  
NANCY F. DU VAL,  
ELIZABETH LINDSAY,  
ELIZABETH L. McCABE,  
LOUISE P. MACEY,  
EVA WALL,  
ELIZABETH S. POTTER,  
MARY G. ROBINSON,  
JOSEPHINE E. TARLETON,

ETHEL WITHERSPOON.

HONORARY MEMBER,

DR. A. T. L. KUSIAN.





## GRAND ORDER OF "HINKY DINKS."

COLORS : Royal Purple and Ruby Red.

MOTTO :  $\chi - 1 \odot V \sqrt{1111} + = 1 - 11 -$

### OFFICERS.

Lord High Monkey-te-monk and Cock of the Walk, . ZOE SYKES.  
Geniuses and Chief Entertainers of the Grand Order,

. . . . . MABEL AND CARRIE FULLER.

Chief Hobo of the Hinky Dinks and Preserver of Peace,

. . . . . LOIS SYKES.

Consoler of the Sorrowful, . . . . . ETHEL WILLIS.

Chief "Rooter" for the Hinky Dinks and Green and White Basket-  
ball Team, . . . . . ELEANOR HOSKINS.

### PRINCIPAL LAWS OF THE ORDER.

SECTION I. No person can become a member of the Hinky Dinks who does not wear a four-inch collar, ascot tie, and patent-leather, bull-dog pumps.

SECTION IV (Paragraph 2). Before taking the last degree of membership each person must be able to say (from beginning to end and without a break) the  $\chi \sim \gamma$ .

SECTION IX. "Thou shalt not stretch, or in any way rubber thy neck (at man)." Any person who is found guilty of violating the above law will have to submit to the rules of Section XIII. Beware !!!!!

SECTION XIV. Each member is required to eat all she can, as long as she can and as fast as she can, and at every other meeting it is compulsory for each member to imbibe the holy nectar from the sacred vessel, in the possession of the Lord High Monkey-te-monk.

### MEMBERS.

ZOE SYKES,	Virginia.
CARRIE FULLER,	Tennessee.
MABEL FULLER.	Tennessee.
LOIS SYKES,	Virginia.
ETHEL WILLIS,	Mississippi.
ELEANOR HOSKINS,	Tennessee.



## KISSING ON THE STAIR.

[TO THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF E. Q. S.]

She kissed him as she stood upon the stair,  
'T was dreadful, don't you think ?  
And, furthermore than that,  
She gave a wicked wink !

She kissed him as she stood upon the chair  
And, *really* she seemed *glad* ;  
O, say, what kind of girl is this,  
Or, do you think she 's mad ?

I 'll tell you why this maid 's so fond  
Of kissing on the stair :  
She is too short to stand and kiss  
Her papa everywhere.

—M. Q., '84.







COTILLION CLUB.



## WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

[Selected]

With klinge, klinge, klinge,  
Far down the dusty dingle,  
The cows are coming home ;  
Now sweet and clear and faint and low  
The airy tinklings come and go,  
Like chimings from some far-off tower,  
Or patterings of an April shower  
That make the daisies grow ;  
Kokling, kolank, koklinge-linge,  
Far down the darkening dingle,  
The cows come slowly home ;  
And old-time friends and twilight plays,  
And starry nights, and sunny days,  
Come trooping up the misty ways  
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,  
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,  
The cows are coming home ;  
Malvine and Pearl and Florimel,  
DeKamp, Red Rose and Gretchen Schell,  
Queen Bess and Sylph and Spangle Sue—  
Across the fields I hear her loo-oo  
And clang her silver bell :  
Goling, golang, golinge-linge.  
With faint, far sounds that mingle,  
The cows come slowly home ;  
And mother-songs of long-gone years,  
And baby-joys and childish tears,  
And youthful hopes and youthful fears,  
When the cows come home.



With ringle, rangle, ringle,  
 By twos and threes and single,  
 The cows are coming home ;  
 Through violet air we see the town,  
 And the summer sun a-slipping down ;  
 The maple in the hazel-glade  
 Throws down the path a longer shade,  
 And the hills are growing brown.  
 Toring, torang, toringle-lingle,  
 By threes and fours and single,  
 The cows come slowly home ;  
 The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,  
 The same sweet June-day rest and calm,  
 The same sweet scent of bud and balm,  
 When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle,  
 Through fern and periwinkle,  
 The cows are coming home ;  
 A-loitering in the checkered stream,  
 Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,  
 Clarine, Peachbloom and Phœbe Phyllis  
 Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,  
 In a drowsy dream.  
 Tolink, tolank, tolinkle-linkle,  
 O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,  
 The cows come slowly home ;  
 And up through memory's deep ravine,  
 Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,  
 And the crescent of the Silver Queen,  
 When the cows come home.

With kingle, klangle, kingle,  
 With loo-oo, and moo-oo and jingle,  
 The cows are coming home.  
 And over there on Merlin hill,  
 Sounds the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill ;  
 And dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,  
 And over the poplars Venus shines,  
 And over the silent mill.  
 Koling, kolang, kolingle-lingle,  
 With a ting-a-ling and jingle,  
 The cows come slowly home.  
 Let down the bars, let in the train  
 Of long-gone years and flowers and rain,  
 For dear old times come back again  
 When the cows come home.



## MY ROSES.

Along my sunny garden wall  
 The stately roses grow,  
 The golden Marechal Niel from France,  
 The crimson Jacqueminot.

The Bride in snowy satin dressed  
 Stands here in modest grace,  
 And by her side her Bridesmaid fair  
 Bends low her blushing face.

In white and yellow, blush and pink,  
 In colors fair to see,  
 They stand along my garden wall,  
 A goodly company.

They gaily nod their pretty heads,  
 And gossip with the breeze,  
 They tell me tales of garden life,  
 As told them by the bees.

But, in a corner near at hand,  
 A little mountain rose  
 Shrinks back, as if she would escape  
 The crowd that round her grows.

She tells me tales of other life  
 Upon the mountain dome,  
 Of rushing brooks, and rocky steeps,  
 Where wild winds make their home.

Of lessons learned in other lands,  
 Of noble truths and bold,  
 My wild rose whispers unto me,  
 Dear little heart of gold !

A simple little wilding rose,  
 Not gay or finely dressed,  
 And yet of all my garden friends,  
 I can but love her best !



## SUNSHINE.

A tiny flower  
Of paltry grace  
To the King of Day upturned her face.  
The king smiled down from his great throne,  
Into her heart of gold he shone,  
And while she lived  
No passer-by  
But saw, 'neath her humility,  
The golden gleams of glorious day  
The great king left her on his way.

A little maid  
Of humble part  
Unto Lon, the king, disclosed her heart.  
Lon stooped him down in sweet surprise;  
He kissed her brow, he kissed her eyes,  
And while she lived  
No passer-by  
But felt the glow that inwardly  
Lit that life into service rare,  
And turned to joy the dullest care.

M. Q., '84.



An holy sole (soul) that pointeth heavenward.

## THE DAY'S REWARD.

Mourn not the day of toil—the evening now is come,  
Piled high, and higher still, are mounds of shining gold.  
Fret not that 't will not buy thee houses, land, a home;  
Its beauties feed thy soul.

M. Q., '84.

## NON TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

There 's metre dactylic, spondaic,  
A metre for laugh and for moan;  
But the metre alone not prosaic  
Is meet her by moonlight alone.

—University of Virginia Magazine, March 1871.

## EDITORIALS.

BEFORE beginning our editorials we wish to express most hearty thanks to Mr. Turner, Miss Witherspoon and Miss Wood who so gallantly came to the rescue of the Art Department in its hour of great need.

As far as we have been able to observe, the two objects of editorials have been, first, to inform the world of the number and quality of the editor's trials,—this to impress the world with the dignity and responsibility of the position of their writer,—and second, to advise the same world as to its sundry little habits and to correct these little habits by letting the owner know that the editor does not wholly approve of them. Now, dear readers (editors always call their readers dear, to compensate them for some loss, no doubt, we shall not say what), now, dear readers, we are spinsters, and spinsters are always old-fashioned, and avoid any departure from established customs; so let us, following in the footsteps of our brother and sister editors, talk first of our trials, and then give advice.

Our trials? People who write beautiful essays dwell lovingly on the thought that we remember only the pleasant things of life; and this is so painfully true that when the poor editor undertakes to enumerate her troubles she is perfectly at sea. She can have no thoughts but pleasant ones,—fond recollections of having one article lost in the mail, and of waiting two weeks for another, to receive a "hastily written" note mentioning house-cleaning, sickness in family, want of ideas and "sorrow at disappointing you." Then comes a delightful vision of the April day when Mr. Landes came to take the pictures, when we had to stroll across the grounds at noon bare-headed and in evening dress, and when, after a reluctant company



had been prevailed upon to dress and pose for the Dramatic Club picture, it began to pour down rain, just as everything was ready. After half an hour of arranging one of the societies in positions so perilous that "an inch to the left or an inch to the right" of one person would assure the fall of us all, it was rather unfortunate for a tardy one to take her stand on the back of the hindmost bench with such haste that she threw the whole group over. But SPINSTER work goes by the law of compensation, and the slight annoyance caused by our fall was more than atoned for by the unalloyed delight of receiving the proofs and the excitement of keeping them from the light. Why, it made you think of Cooper's novels the way people would lie in wait for you and crowd around you. You could not be seen on the gallery without cries of: "Oh, please let me see the Kentucky Club!" "Aren't they going to take the society pictures over?" "Say, don't let anybody buy a Phi Mu Gamma picture." "Do let me have one peep at the Cotillion Club; I won't let a bit of light touch it." The only way of getting a roll of proofs from one room to another was to hide them in your sleeve, and try to look perfectly innocent of ever having known the SPINSTER or Mr. Landes.

Oh, how sweet is memory! With what "affection and recollection" we shall in after-years look back upon those seconds just before mail time, one of us numbering manuscripts and writing to Mr. Stone, the other running to the East building for a poem that had not been handed in, to the third floor to borrow stamps, and to Miss Annie for strings and wrapping paper.

And then at the table. Fate (or Miss Parkinson, the same thing) decreed that we should sit at the same table, and, while SPINSTER talk was probably somewhat monotonous to other "occupants of the table," they should have the satisfaction of having been martyrs to a good cause. For, had we been separated at meals, Mr. Cocke's bell would have been constantly ringing, and then would have profited nothing against that ceaseless screaming: "Louise, was that correction all right?" "Ella, have you seen her about it?"

Now for the advice; we are about to forget about it. Following the example of our composition teacher, who is constantly warning us against too broad subjects, we shall confine our advice to such

subjects as will be of practical value to pupils entering Hollins next year.

If Latin be one of the branches elected, the young lady will do well to come prepared to scan correctly the line

Romanum in amico corpore et poena.

She will be careful not to translate "Care Maecenas eques," "O Maecenas, 'tend to the horses,'" or "O tempora! O mores!" "O times! O Moses!" She must not fail to put the "that" in sentences of indirect speech, and let her be sure not to say that the Sabine maidens were "snatched."

For French it is necessary that the student come prepared to appreciate a good pun, and that she write a legible hand ("for, young ladies, to write badly is to stammer on paper"). Let her be sure to pay close attention in class, and study carefully her teacher's corrections in her composition. Let her understand thoroughly what is meant by a "bottle phrase," and distinguish between, "I have a bottle which contains two quarts," and "I wish to buy a bottle which shall contain two quarts." Let her avoid, say, "cup of oil" and "horse of combat" for "coup d'oeil" and "hors de combat." She can abuse Wellington to her heart's content, but do not let her say a word against Napoleon. Above all she must learn to be clear: "That which is not clear is not French."

Any young lady desiring to study English Literature will do well to provide herself with several bird cages, and make a careful study of ornithology before entering upon the course prescribed. Let her strive to preserve an animated countenance in the classroom, even if the class meets at three in the afternoon; and let her take notes diligently in a clean notebook. If she has the desire to be a really successful student, she will, in the spare moments of her vacation, peruse the works of Ruskin—especially Modern Painters. Any young lady stands a poor chance of favor in this department, if she is not familiar with the word *suggestive* and is guilty of the illiteration of spelling *alliteration*, *illiteration*.

Before undertaking the study of Mathematics some slight study of Greek would be helpful; for instance, in telling you that a pentagon has five sides. "Oh, you ought to study Greek." Then the Mathematics student should be careful to come supplied with stiff paper for making dodecagons and icosahedrons. She should not



expect her teacher to draw always perfectly accurate figures on the spur of the moment, and she should tell him of this at the beginning of the session, in order to save him the trouble of apologizing for every figure he puts on the board. She can have no trouble on her examinations if, in accordance with her teacher's wishes, she studies every day not only the lesson assigned her but also all she has been over. She should "appreciate the relation of the spherical triangle to its polyhedral angle," and should have such thorough practice in penmanship as to be able to write tri-rectangular triangle and parallelo-piped with ease and rapidity.

History can not possibly cause the student any annoyance whatever, provided she has a clear and comprehensive grasp of the important events of the world's history and of their causes and effects, and that, like Mr. Meyers in his admirable text-book, she can express herself with perfect clearness and accuracy. She should be familiar with the time, place, cause and results of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, and should answer readily such questions as, "Trace the rise, growth and fall of the temporal, and the rise, growth and decline of the spiritual power of the Pope." The average girl, if she bear these suggestions in mind, can have no difficulty in the work itself. However, care should be taken in regard to her deportment in class; she should, as far as possible, avoid appearing complacent or causing confusion by a too frequent use of her vinaigrette or shaking of her bracelets. She should so accustom herself to fresh air that in mid-winter she will suffer no inconvenience from sitting for an hour with all the windows of the classroom open.

These have merely been suggestions for the classroom. The following rules each Hollins girl should have framed and hung up in her room:\*

1. Pupils are not allowed to have wraps, hats or overshoes, and they are required to put on white shirtwaists on the first day of March.

2. Although it is not a positive requirement of the School, it is hoped that as many of the pupils as can afford it will take trips to distant parts of the country when contagious diseases are prevalent.

\*We are sorry that the printer has made some mistakes in the above; but any false statements made will be corrected by Miss Parkinson in her next four-o'clock meeting with the girls.

3. Pupils are required to crowd around the steps when visitors drive up, and to rush down to meet their friends before they have gotten out of the carriage. This is very necessary, to let the friends know that they are welcomed.

4. Pupils are not allowed to wear their own clothes; if they can not find garments entirely satisfactory in the wardrobes of their friends they may remain in their own rooms and have their meals sent them.

5. Pupils are required, during intervals between classes, to stand in groups about the galleries and enjoy social intercourse with their friends.

6. Pupils are required, as far as possible, to sit with the friends who visit them at Commencement, or, if this is out of the question, to attract the attention of their guests during the programme.

7. All business between pupils must be transacted in the front hall immediately after chapel.

8. Pupils are required to put their lamps either under their book-shelves or so near the window that the curtain can take fire without difficulty.

9. Pupils are required to walk down to the spring before each meal, but are not allowed to start before the second triangle rings.

Discretion in conversation is one of a woman's greatest accomplishments, so, having reached the summit of our power in this line, we, the editors of THE SPINSTER, give the following warnings:

Do not mention Darwin's theory of Evolution to Dr. Kusian (unless you admire the melody of the word *hottentot*).

Do not say Cæsare to Uncle Billy (unless you wish to see him burst into tears).

Do not say Physics to Mr. Estes Cocke (unless you have a few spare hours).

Do not say "get to go" to Mrs. Turner (unless you wish to be informed that it is your misfortune and not your fault that you have been brought up with illiterate people).

Do not say Wordsworth to Dr. McBryde (on any account).

But say to us, "THE SPINSTER is excellent—considering."



## BEOWULF, A PROTOTYPE OF ENGLISH HEROES.

A DISCUSSION of the origin of *Beowulf* and a consideration of the historical and mythical characters in the poem might be of some interest; but I do not propose to attempt it here, for a greater profit may be derived from it when we study the epic as a revelation of the ideas and customs of an age, and as a series of portraits of human life among the Saxons. Beowulf, the hero of the poem, is a Saxon hero, endowed with all the characteristics that conform to their ideas of a prince of valor. And it is from this standpoint that I wish to consider Beowulf, as a prototype of English heroes.

Of Beowulf's boyhood, the poet tells us little. He seems, like many great men, to have lived in obscurity until near the time of his visit to Hrothgar's court; when he comes forth a daring hero, mightiest among all men of his time. Manly and courageous he was, but at the same time a vein of gentleness ran through his character as is clearly shown when he meets the great Hrothgar. He was always respectful to women and by his courteous words and bearing completely won the admiration not only of his own queen, but of Queen Weaththeon as well.

Having pledged himself to free the Danes from the visitations of the horrible Grendel, who had caused them so much sorrow, he divested himself of all armor, and stretched out upon the floor to await the coming of the monster, determined to encounter and fight him bare-handed. In the combat that takes place Beowulf conquers Grendel, and tearing out his huge arm swings it up to the roof. He had made good his vaunt; and goes before Hrothgar who praises

him and lavishes rare gifts upon him. But the next night it was found that Grendel had left an avenger—his mother, a hideous creature who stealthily enters the hall and devours the dearest companion of Hrothgar. The old king's sorrow is revived. Again Beowulf comes to his aid, assuring him that "avenging a friend is better than mourning for him."

So with a few tried warriors he sets out in search of her retreat among the fens, and plunges alone into the black waters. Many hours pass, before the faithful watchers above pressed around the victorious hero. Again Hrothgar rejoices and many gifts are bestowed on Beowulf.

He returns home; taking all the rich jewels he gives them to his lord, bidding him enjoy them.

From this time on Beowulf's fame spread abroad, despite his reserved manners. He neither courted attention nor coveted honors, but when his turn came to rule the broad realm he took it as a duty to his country, and governed the nation for fifty winters, not as a despot, but as the true guardian of his people.

When Beowulf appears at the close of these fifty years, it is with the same heroic spirit that he possessed in youth. He is resolved to rid his people of the scourge that has brought them so much sorrow, even if it costs him his life. He feels that Wyrð will overcome his failing strength; but is determined that she shall not conquer his spirit of revenge. In the fierce struggle that follows, Beowulf is mortally wounded by the fire-drake, and dies from the venom of the monster's breath; but it is a heroic death scene, upon which Wiglaf, his last-left kinsman, is the only attendant to soothe his pain. For a time, the dying king deplores having no heir upon whom he might bestow his armor; but finally consoles himself with the assurance that he had been a just sovereign.

Exerting his failing strength he bids Wiglaf bring the newly found treasures, and, looking upon them, in feeble tones he thanks the Giver of gifts for having been able to obtain them to supply the needs of the people he is about to leave.

His only request is that the battle-famed erect to his memory a lofty cairn on the headland of the shore. Taking off his armor he gives it to the young warrior, and bids him wear it and do honor to a chieftain's name.



After Beowulf's last words Wiglaf goes sorrowfully forth to carry the news of his death to the waiting hosts; and the warriors return with him to look upon their dead lord. Weeping they bear him to the cliff and there burn the body of their aged king.

From this bare outline of Beowulf's career, it may be seen that this, the first of a long line of English heroes, was fearless and even delighted in daring exploits, his sublime self-confidence sometimes goes so far as to approach a boastful spirit; he knew no mercy in avenging a wrong to his friends or country. Yet he was courteous, gentle, thoughtful of his followers, loving, always, truth and justice.

In the first place then, Beowulf is a prototype of knighthood, not of the romantic knight with his extravagant notions of love and honor, but of the knight who possessed the noblest traits of chivalry. If we compare the character of Beowulf with that of an English knight, we shall find that the fundamental elements of character are almost identical. War was the chosen profession of both, and if it did not present itself unsought, they would seek it to the limits of earth, in order that they might prove their skill and power in arms. One need only call to mind the readiness with which Beowulf offered his services at the Danish court to recognize the parallel. Like the English knight, he bore the same spirit throughout his life, and died in defense of his people.

Again, Beowulf's character reminds us of Cromwell, who, contented to remain unnoticed for so many years, sprang forward when others dared not; and with fearless strength and faith, purged the parliament and caused the protection of Protestantism.

To the manly resolution and bravery of Beowulf, the character of General Wolfe furnishes an interesting parallel. His nature was tender but fearless, and his great courage seemed to inspire his men to follow him; but he was ever mindful of their feelings, even in times of extreme peril to his own life. Even in his dying moments, wounded mortally, he prayed for the preservation and protection of his men. "It is hard to die," he said, "but harder to know that others live to suffer."

Beowulf's idea of duty was the same as that expressed by Nelson in his last signal before the battle of Trafalgar:

"England expects every man to do his duty. Now I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my

duty." And, "Thank God for having done my duty," were his oft-repeated and last words before his death.

The admiration of power and leadership, so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxons, is true of the English as well. And just as they mourned the death of Beowulf:

"Then about the barrow rode the Beasts of battle,  
Twelve in all were they, bairns of Aethelings,  
Who would speak their sadness, tell their sorrow for their king.  
So with groaning sorrowed all the Geat folk,  
All his hearth-companions, for their house-lord's overthrow;  
Quoth they that he was, of the world kings all,  
Of all men, the mildest, and to men the kindest,  
To his people gentlest, and of praise the keenest."

So England of the nineteenth century lamented the loss of the illustrious Duke of Wellington.

"O good head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four square to all winds that blew,  
Such was he whom we deplore,  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er,  
The great world-victors victor will be seen no more."

Many more examples of heroic characters might be compared to this early type, but what has been said of those mentioned is true of all, for English heroes are practically the same.

While Beowulf's courage, his love of vengeance, contention against fate, were very strong points in his character, they were exercised with almost perfect self-restraint. There was no sentimentalism in his nature, no softness or refinement, but an amount of gentleness that was remarkable, when we remember that war was to the Saxons more than meat or drink.

Centuries of civilization have worn off the rough edges, and more cultured environments have refined the feelings of the English people. But we find them even to-day a warlike grasping people, displaying the same love of vengeance, indomitable energy, lack of sentiment and practised self-restraint; together with the love of truth and honor that characterized the Saxons.

MINNIE T. FREEMAN.



## A NEW DECLENSION.

INFLECTION OF THE NOUN HOLLINS TEACHER.

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NOMINATIVE.—Dr. Kusian (because he is always calling people names, such as Hottentot, knave, pig and donkey).

GENITIVE.—Mr. Fisher would like to be (because this is the case of possession).

DATIVE.—Miss Agnes (anybody who has learned Senior History dates will readily know why).

ACCUSATIVE.—Dr. McBryde (because he accuses his pupils of looking like mud-fences and having " Mutual Aid Societies " in class).

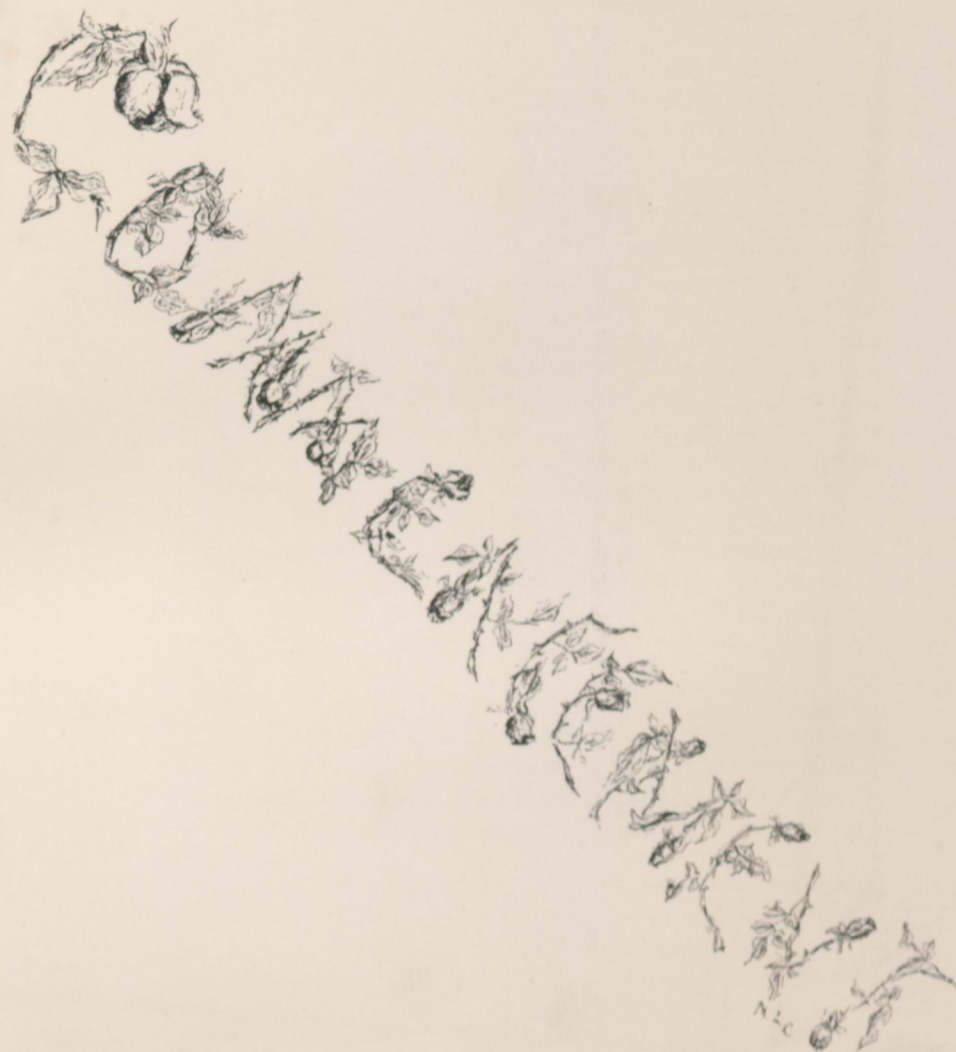
ABLATIVE.—Mr. Turner (because the ablative expresses place, where, and Mr. Turner is always on hand).





MAY.









**T**HE Hollins Commencement of '99 was an unusually successful one in every sense of the word. A succession of elaborate and artistic programmes, several inspiring and forcible addresses, beautiful June weather and many bright and happy faces served to make it a time long to be remembered both by entertainers and entertained.

Although the exercises proper did not begin until Saturday night, June 3d, Commencement was really begun with the coming of the "old girls" whose enthusiastic pleasure in everything and everybody was very gratifying to every lover of "Hollins." Among the alumnae were Mrs. Wilmer and Mrs. Williams, of Washington; Misses Eaton, McGoodwin, and Miss Heflin, of Kentucky; Miss Trotter, of Mississippi; Misses Dew, Puryear, Miller, Roberts, Battaile, Dugger, Harmon, Holland, Duke, Bidgood, Mrs. Franklin, and Mrs. Scott, of Virginia; and Miss Garrard, of Georgia.

The programme of Friday night consisted of two receptions, one given by the Senior Class to the students and faculty; the other, by the two Literary Societies to the "old girls." These two social events formed a prelude to the pleasures to come.

Then followed the various programmes in their proper order, each one carefully and skillfully prepared and each one a perfect success.

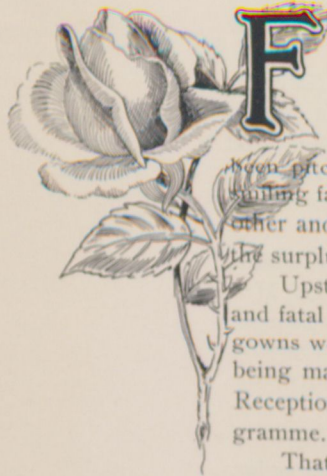
Special mention must be made of the speakers who took part, and such prominent part, in the Hollins "finals." Rev. James Clarke, of Richmond, Va., delivered two sermons on Sunday, both full of power and earnest thought, and both calculated to lay an impress upon the young minds and hearts for whom they were prepared.

Rev. Carter Helm Jones, D. D., of Louisville, Ky., addressed the School on Commencement day. Exquisite taste was exhibited in his choice of subject and artistic skill in its development. The word "culture" must take upon itself a broader and more beautiful meaning for every one who heard this address.

The following pages are taken from the Memory Book of a Hollins girl and from them a fuller idea of our Commencement may be obtained.



JUNE 2D.



**F**RIDAY afternoon the bell rang for four o'clock and though there may not have been any shouting, there were many glad young hearts. Weren't we happy! And wasn't there a hurry and scurry all that afternoon around the teacher's bulletin, everybody trying to see who had been pitched and who had not. Then you might have seen two smiling faces, and two pairs of outstretched arms fairly rush at each other and fold up together, as their owners gave vent to a little of the surplus joy welling up in their bosoms.

Upstairs, instead of an ugly blackboard decorated with precious and fatal announcements, mirrors, reflecting eager faces and pretty gowns were the centers of attraction. Elaborate preparations were being made for the "Senior Reception" and "Literary Societies' Reception," the latter a new feature of the Commencement programme.

That night everybody looked happy, whether a smiling face hid an aching heart or not. The degree girls felt their importance very much when friends, schoolmates, faculty, strangers, filed into the parlors extending to them congratulations on account of their success, and best wishes for their future careers.

Then from the parlors all adjourned to the society halls to spend a social evening together there, where, as "new girls" the sound of our own voices frightened us so dreadfully, where, as president for the first time, we imagined that no ordeal could be more trying, no task harder; then, where as "old girls" we became very brave and composed, talking freely on subjects of common interest and planning all manner of means to improve our halls and work.

Frozen punch was served at one end of the middle hall, and owing to the intense heat (?) this end became the goal of all the guests, consequently, many received more punches than punch.

But in spite of heat, and limited breathing space, all enjoyed themselves and each other immensely and no doubt this transformation of our dear hall from the dignified and literary to the easy and social will take place yearly.

## Commencement Recital.

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3D, 1899.

### PROGRAMME.

#### PART FIRST.

- 1 Scene from "Mary Stuart," " " " " " " " " " " Schiller  
ELIZABETH, MAUDE MARGARET JOHNSON  
MARY, " " " " DOROTHEA STARR
- 2 Recitation: "Grandma at the Masquerade," " " " " " " " " Vandemark  
HOLLON HARRIS
- 3 Recitation: "Hervé Riel," " " " " " " " " " " Browning  
LOIS SYKES
- 4 Monologue: "When Jack Comes Late," " " " " " " " " Bergen  
DOROTHEA STARR
- 5 Recitation: "Chariot Race," (Arranged from "Ben Hur") " " " " " " Wallace  
MAUDE M. JOHNSON
- 6 English Drill: "The May," " " " " " " " " " " Stebbins  
MISSSES EAKIN, HARRIS, MONROE, BISCOE, AND PORTER

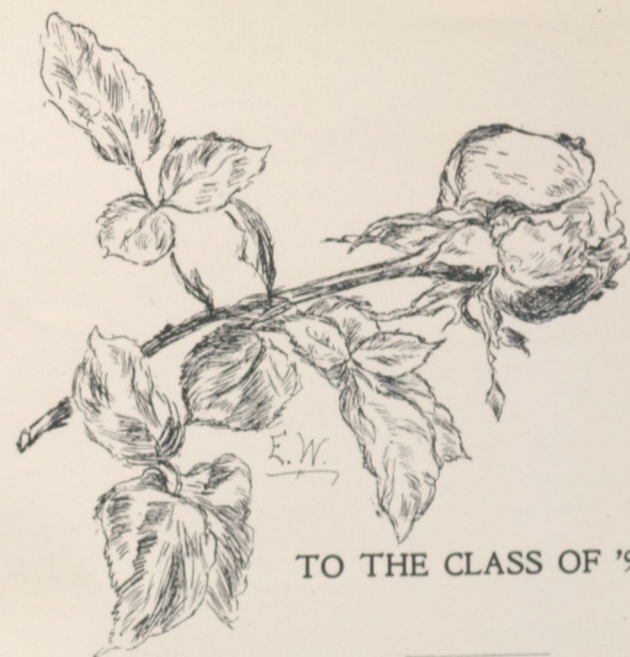
#### PART SECOND.

- 7 Pantomimes:  
(a) "Where are You Going, My Pretty Maid?"  
(b) "Rory O'More"  
MISSSES JOHNSON AND STARR  
Poems recited by MISS GRAY
- 8 Recitation: "Count Gismond," " " " " " " " " " " Browning  
ALBA DANIELS
- 9 Recitation: "Cupid's Arrows," " " " " " " " " " " Kipling  
RETTA GRAY
- 10 Scene from "School for Scandal," " " " " " " " " " " Sheridan  
SIR PETER TEAZLE, DOROTHEA STARR  
LADY TEAZLE, MAUDE M. JOHNSON
- 11 Pantomime: "The Panathenale Procession"  
PRIESTESS, JESSAMAL CALLAWAY  
PROCESSIONAL MAIDENS:  
MISS BISCOE, MISS SEAGO, MISS COOPER,  
MISS ANITA COCKE, MISS GRAY, MISS WATSON,  
MISS THOMPSON, MISS KEFAUVER, MISS DOUGLAS,  
MISS CARRIE FULLER.
- 12 Statue Poses: The Niobe Group.  
MISS BISCOE, MISS CALLAWAY, MISS SEAGO,  
MISS COOPER, MISS COCKE, MISS GRAY,  
MISS WATSON, MISS THOMPSON, MISS KEFAUVER,  
MISS DOUGLAS, MISS FULLER.









## TO THE CLASS OF '99.

---

'Leven little girls, brave and strong,  
Started on a journey nine months long.

They felt mighty happy long time ago,  
But now their hearts are aching so.

For on a pole, way off in June,  
They saw a sign hung, they wouldn't reach soon ;

And they wondered if they would *ever* be  
Smart enough to get a "Degree."

So these 'leven little girls, as you 'll remember,  
All joined hands last September.

'Leven little girls with books and pen,  
One got discouraged, then there were ten.

Ten little girls getting along fine,  
One got tired,—then there were nine.

Nine little girls sitting up late,  
Miss Parkinson squelched one,—then there were eight.

Eight little girls to distraction driven,  
One collapsed,—then there were seven.

Seven little girls in a mighty bad fix,  
"Math." tripped one,—then there were six.



Six little girls barely alive,  
Uncle Billy "busted" one,—then there were five.

Five little girls couldn't work any more,  
Miss Agnes "froze one,"—then there were four.

Four little girls, forlorn to see,  
Dr. Kusian "pitched" one,—then there were three.

Three little girls don't know what to do,  
"Skinni" said Wordsworth,—then there were two.

Two little girls all outdone,  
One swallowed a "Drake" pill,—then there was one.

One little girl fought all alone,  
"Bear" Fisher chewed her up,—then there were none.

—A VICTIM.









*The Literary Societies  
of  
Hollins Institute  
request your presence at their  
Annual Celebration  
Monday evening, June the fifth  
eighteen hundred and ninety nine  
Hollins Virginia.*

*Programme*  
*Orchestra*  
*Euphonia Society*  
*Salutatory*  
*Miss Minnie Thankful Freeman*  
*Tennessee*  
*Vocal Solo*  
*Miss Pearl Spencer Penn*  
*North Carolina*  
*Debate*  
*Miss Josephine Tarrion*  
*Kentucky*  
*Miss Flora C. Neall Webster*  
*Texas*  
*Miss Flora Esther Black*  
*Arkansas*  
*Orchestra*  
*Euphonia Society*  
*Essay*  
*Miss Annie Wilmer Hume*  
*North Carolina*  
*Recitation*  
*Miss Maude Margaret Johnson*  
*Missouri*  
*Essay*  
*Miss Ella Landridge Tarrion*  
*Virginia*  
*Valedictory*  
*Miss Mary Thell*  
*South Carolina*  
*Miss Louise Ward*



# Commencement Concert.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6TH, 1899, 7:30 O'CLOCK.

## PROGRAMME.

### PART I.

1. Two Pianos, " Moorish Patrol " *Carl Bodell*  
Piano I: MISS KATE THORPE  
Piano II: MR. BODELL
2. Chorus, " Oh Skylark, for thy Wing! " *Smart*  
CHORUS CLASS.
3. Organ, { (a) " Träumerei " *Schumann*  
(b) " Gavotte " from 12th Organ Sonata *Martini*  
MISS ESTELLE BATAILLE
4. Vocal Solo, " Summer " *Chaminade*  
MISS MINNIE FREEMAN
5. Pianoforte, " Finale " from Sonata in F (No. 7) *Mozart*  
MISS SUSIE WILLIAMS
6. Violin, First Movement, A Minor *Bach*  
Concerto  
MISS ROSA COCKE AND ORCHESTRA
7. Recitative and Aria, " How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord " *Mietzke*  
MISS MARY HORNOR
8. Organ, " Allegro " from 4th Concerto *Handel*  
MISS MABEL SIMS AND ORCHESTRA

### PART II.

9. Overture, " William Tell " *Rossini*  
Piano I: MISSES SHELL AND HELMS  
Piano II: MISSES DINWIDDIE AND ESTES  
Organ: MRS. FISHER  
ORCHESTRA
10. Vocal Duett, " The Gipsies " *Brahms*  
MISSES A. STABLER AND P. PENN
11. Pianoforte, " Andante and Rondo Capriccioso " (Op. 14) *Mendelssohn*  
MISS MARGARET BRASWELL
12. Vocal Solo, " Bolero " *Thome*  
MISS LOULA JOHNSON
13. Pianoforte, " Arabesque " *Schumann*  
MISS ANNA MYRTLE SEAGO
14. Part Song, " The Fishermen " *Gabuzzi*  
Solos by MISSES CALLAWAY AND PENN  
CHORUS CLASS
15. Toy Symphony *B. Romberg*  
ORCHESTRA  
Piano: Misses Helms and King  
Cuckoo: Miss Nina Block Trumpet: Miss Anna Kusian  
Triangle: Miss Elizabeth Mizner Rattle: Miss Mary Shell  
Quail: Miss Ethel Witherspoon Nightingale: Miss Pauline Funk  
Drum: Miss Ethel Woolwine

### ORCHESTRA.

- MISS EDITH WINN, Leader
- |                                |                                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| MISS S. WILLIAMS, First Violin | MISS R. COCKE, Second Violin   |
| MISS M. MILLER, First Violin   | MISS M. DAMMANN, Second Violin |
| MISS M. PHELPS, First Violin   | MISS M. ALLEN, Second Violin   |
| MISS DAISY ESTES, Piano        | MRS. FISHER, Cello             |
|                                | MISS BONNIE KING, Tympani      |
- Conductor, MR. CHARLES R. FISHER





**C**OMMENCEMENT NIGHT! The wild rush of the last busy days over at last; the noise of many feet and voices no longer echoing along the halls and galleries; but instead, over all, enfolding all, the peace of the still June evening.

I sit on the steps at the end of the long white bridge watching the lamps go out one by one, in the East Building, in the West Building, in the Main Building, signs that rest has come for pleasure-weary bodies. To take the place of these vanishing beacons, the fire-flies come from the weeds and tangled vines along the little brook, and light the blackness of the trees and hills with the faint weird glow that belongs to the world of fairies and dwarfs.

The fire-flies—the lamps of the fairies—how many strange fancies they bring up to me, as I sit here thinking, dreaming. I remember how, as a child I used to love to watch these strange little creatures; how just at dusk, perched in a high chair, penned in by a great tin waiter, I used to eat my supper of bread and milk, and between each spoonful would look out into the twilight, and wonder and wonder what these little lamps meant. So to-night, though the mystery of the fire-flies has long been solved with the other mysteries of childhood, I look out into the strangely-lit darkness and wonder and wonder.

What visions come before my mind—what vague fancies of that which is to be. The past viewed in this dim fantastic light seems some far-away happy dream; the future stretches away into the shadows, lighted only by the faint uncertain glow of the lamps of the fairies. These commencement days, how pressed full of thought they are; every little happening sets us to thinking. How old we feel—we for whom the Commencement is truly a commencement; how responsible; the weight of the world seems to rest upon our shoulders, and we stagger under it.

A faint breeze stirs through the silver poplars; the shrill chirp of the crickets comes from the dew-wet grass; the drowsy

cry of the sheep asleep on the hill by the cottage, is heard in the distance; voices of Nature, these. But there is but one voice in all these voices. It is as it were the blending of all these various nature notes in one clear chord—"How many loaves have ye?" it says, "how many loaves have ye?" They are the words of last Sabbath's sermon echoed by mother nature.

"Only five small loaves," a still voice answers, "only five small loaves, that is all, to give to the great suffering world."

The breeze dies away in the trees; the chirp of the cricket grows softer; the cry of the sheep grows fainter; almost perfect silence reigns. But in the silence, the first voice comes again. "It is enough," it says, "it is enough."

The lights have all gone out; the glow-worms have begun to settle in their marshy beds; all Nature seems to be going to sleep, and I, too, must say good night. Yes, and good-bye, too."

"And so the road stretches away before us; the scent of the roses and violets is wafted to us as we stand here waiting; and we can not be sorry to go. But with hearts full of hope and love and full, oh! so full of gratitude, we linger to say good-bye. Good-bye dear schoolmates, our traveling companions during this bright part of life's journey; good-bye dear halls, our shelter and inspiration during days now past forever; good-bye, dear hills, our strength in times of weakness; good-bye dear Alma Mater, our loving, foster parent; good-bye, good-bye."



## Commencement Day.

JUNE 7TH, 1899, 10:00 A. M.

### PROGRAMME.

Hymn : " My Country, 't is of thee " *S. F. Smith*

#### PRAYER

#### Delivery of Department Diplomas

Overture : " Fidelio " *Beethoven*

Piano I : MISSES LIPSCOMB AND COKER  
Piano II : MISSES PEARSON AND McLAUGHLIN  
Organ : MISS PLEASANTS  
ORCHESTRA

#### Address to the School

REV. CARTER HELM JONES, D. D., of Louisville, Kentucky

" Capriccio Brillant " (B Minor) *Mendelssohn*

Solo Piano : MISS BLOCK, of Arkansas (Medalist)  
Piano II (Orchestra) : MRS. FISHER

#### READING OF MEDAL ESSAY :

MISS WARD, of South Carolina

#### Delivery of Medals

DR. F. V. N. PAINTER, of Salem, Virginia  
DR. P. T. HALE, of Roanoke, Virginia

" Andante and Allegro " *Godard*

Solo Piano : MISS SIMS  
Piano II (Orchestra) : MR. CARL BODELL

#### Delivery of Diplomas

I : Special Degrees  
II : The Full Degree

#### Address to the Graduates and School

MR. CHARLES L. COCKE

March : " Athalia " *Mendelssohn*

Piano I : MISSES DINWIDDIE AND MIZNER  
Piano II : MISSES HELMS AND FUNK  
Organ : MISS PLEASANTS  
ORCHESTRA

## THE HUMAN SIDE OF TENNYSON'S " IN MEMORIAM."

[Medal Essay.]



FROM a literary standpoint, " In Memoriam " is an English classic of an unrivaled perfection of form ; from an ethical standpoint, it is a study of man's greatest mental and spiritual problems of the ages ; from a human standpoint, it is the natural expression of the grief felt by a soul in pain. In order to consider it from the first point of view, its critic must be a scholar ; from the second, he must be a philosopher ; from the third, he need only be a man with the power to feel and to suffer. It is from this last point of view that I shall attempt to treat this masterpiece, and it is by the knowledge that my requirements are so simple, this knowledge alone, I am given courage to touch with hands whose very lack of skill must necessarily make them unworthy, this great monument to man's mind and to man's soul.

Like all other great things, great souls are lonely. Loneliness is the penalty of greatness, and few there are who do not pay the penalty. Tennyson was one of these few. He had a friend. Far as he soared above his fellowman, he did not soar so far that his heights were not reached by another of his day and time. This other was Arthur Hallam, a man endowed with a mind of rare intellectuality and force, and with a spirit of almost perfect beauty and purity. Fit mates were these two minds and these two spirits,—Tennyson's and Hallam's, so fit it would seem that God had made them the one for the other. If in the course of the poem, we sometimes wonder at the excess of grief portrayed at the loss of Hallam, who was only a friend, we must remember that a friendship such



as existed between these two is beyond our comprehension. Theirs was a friendship of great souls, and lesser souls can only gaze upon it,—they can not fully understand. The relationship was formed during the first years of their university life at Cambridge, during the time when upon both young minds was dawning the realization of the power of genius. What a glorious thing it must have been to each of these, when, awakening to the knowledge that his was to be the life of the lonely great, to know that this loneliness was not to be absolute, that there would be at least *one* face into which he could look and read, "I understand."

The sudden death of Hallam at Vienna, after almost five years of his perfect companionship with Tennyson, struck like a thunderbolt the sensitive nature of the latter, shaking his nature to its very foundation, and leaving it crushed and stupefied. From this stupor his soul was aroused to pass through a series of mental and moral reflections, which, though conflicting and dangerous, were to bring about the full development of the poet's intellectual powers; and a series of emotions, which though painful and at times, even passionate, were to unfold and glorify his higher manhood. "In Memoriam," covering as it does in process of growth the seventeen years after Hallam's death, is not only the expression of these reflections and emotions, but also the history of their gradual development. It was the monument that Tennyson erected to the memory of his lost mate, and never has the dead received more glorious tribute.

But in paying this tribute to a friend Tennyson has accomplished a vastly greater work. To say that "In Memoriam" is the record of Tennyson's emotions alone, is to take from it its full significance, to rob it of its greatest glory. It is not merely the story of an individual grief, the selfish outpouring of a single heart; it is the story of the griefs of the world, it is the story which is repeated as often as man loves and loses. The poet himself said of the poem, "It is the cry of the whole human race rather than mine," and this is true. There is no originality in the grief by an open grave, there is no originality in the loneliness of an empty room, there is no originality in the ache of desolate days. We may act as no other man acts, we may think as no other man thinks, but we must suffer as all men suffer. Yesterday the king sat in splendor on his throne; receiving homage from his subjects, the beggar sat by his gate, scorned by the passers-by; but to-day the king stands by a

coffin and weeps, and the beggar stands by a coffin and weeps. Grief is a chord which to all hearts vibrates in the same key. It is the one common heart-sound that has no discord, for all hearts are attuned alike for the symphony of death. Thus Tennyson in striking this chord sang the song of all mankind, and though as man, his grief was that of other men; as poet, his expression of this grief burst forth in music, which, in sweetness, fullness, and depth, is not to be compared with that which has come from any other grief-stricken heart. "In Memoriam" is the song of all mankind, sung by a most glorious voice.

The first cantos of the poem were written while the poet's being was still torn by the fresh pangs of bereavement, and are the almost unconscious cries of the suddenly wounded. Wild cries they are, and hopeless, with a lack of connection in their utterance that tells more plainly than words, of a mind bewildered by suffering. With the bringing home of Hallam's body, and the sad funeral rites attending its burial, comes a fresh outburst of passionate sorrow, gushing forth in words not less wild and full of anguish than those of first grief. But another element has entered into his emotions,—that of dull calmness, the calm of despair, the calm of a soul worn out with its own useless writhings; and wondering at his own complexity of feeling, the sufferer asks:

"Can calm despair and wild unrest,  
Be tenants of a single breast?"

But such a mood can not last; there is a limit to all mental and physical endurance; and so from this intense state of feeling we find at last a natural reaction; the wild unrest becomes checked by reason; the calm despair broken by tears.

These tears, however, are only the beginning of the end; for, as a wounded animal, recovering from the stupor of semi-unconsciousness, seeks to know the author of the blow that has stunned it, so does the soul, arousing from the numbness of a sudden shock, seek to know the hand that struck it. Thereupon arises a conflict; for the soul rebels against accepting as the source of its suffering that which gave it the power to suffer; and, compelled to accept struggles against all forces, whether within or without, denies everything, even the truth of its own convictions; and doubts everything, even the immortality of its own affections. But



the hopelessness of settled doubt is unbearable, and these struggles, though fierce, are short-lived; ending always in the struggler's realization of their uselessness and his own helplessness; and though he may declare with bitter skepticism,

"Behold we know not anything;"

his words must only end in the piteous wail,

"So runs my dream; but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night;  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry;"

and though he may ask in resentful rebellion,

"Are God and nature then at strife,  
That nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems;  
So careless of the single life;"

his questioning must finally end in the humble confession,

"I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope this darkness up to God."

Time goes on; another stage of the soul development is attained—the transitorial stage—the crossing from darkness not into light, but into twilight, which to eyes so long blinded is even more grateful than the glare of noon-day. In it, the agony of loneliness and longing still wrings his heart, but in its depths is always the consciousness that,

"'Tis better to have loved, and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

In it, the cries of pain are still heard, but they are always hushed by memory, whose voice, once so bitter, is now all sweetness. In it, the struggles have not ceased, but always above their clash and din is heard the martial music of triumphant Faith.

The third and last stage is ushered in by the merry peals of New Year's bells,—a happy omen, a God-sent prophesy of the more perfect peace to come. The poet's love and grief have become almost entirely spiritual.

"Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
For days of happy commune dead:  
Less yearning for the friendship fled,  
Than some strong bond which is to be."

A higher faith is evinced, for by proving in himself the immortality of love, he has proved to himself the immortality of the soul; and in his words is seen the calm repose of a mind whose questionings are silenced at last. God's hand, which had been hidden from his tear-blinded eyes, is now revealed, and the blessings in its dealings now revealed:

"And what I am beheld again  
What is, and no man understands;  
And out of darkness came the hands  
That reach thro' nature moulding men."

The mysteries that his soul's mate had solved by becoming a part of them, no longer overwhelmed him with the sense of difference between himself and this lost mate. The horrors of the tomb, the agony of personal loss, are left behind. The mightiness of death is felt, not its loneliness and irrevocableness. It is not the pattering of the rain upon a grass-covered grave that he hears now, but instead,—

"\* \* \* the songs, the stirring air,  
The life re-orient out of dust,  
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust  
In that which made the world so fair."

He looks out upon the world with eyes no longer wild-staring, and unseeing; these eyes are filled with the light reflected upon them by the knowledge that before them lies God's universe, of which the dead has become a part. "In Memoriam," says Van Dyke, "is a dead march, but it is a march into immortality."



Such is the story of Tennyson's grief for his dead friend. Such is the story of all grief; and each new sufferer in listening to the poet's cries of pain, hears but the echo of his own sad wails; in gazing upon these scenes of conflict, sees but the images of his own fierce battles; in joining in this final song of triumph, sings but his own glad anthem. Yes, it is the old, old story of human grief, as old as death itself; it is the old, old cry so often repeated; the old, old battle so often fought; the old, old triumph so often won. For to love and lose means suffering, until time has healed the wound; and to suffer means conflict, until death is realized as Godlike, and the dead as God's.



## MR. COCKE'S ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES.

**Y**OUNG LADIES: Commencement speeches are usually brief, pleasant to listen to, and often abundant with fulsome praise and compliment, especially to the few who receive the crowning honors of their scholastic training and labors. This may be right and best, and the only appropriate course possible when a few minutes only are allowed to the speaker. On this occasion I shall depart from the long beaten track and address my remarks to the whole school and audience, though more especially intended for the graduates. This is to be a speech of paragraphs and on no specific subject.

A long experience in the educational training of young ladies has taught me some important lessons and deeply fastened impressions and convictions. For nearly two generations I have been engaged in this most important, responsible and delicate work. I have been an eye-witness and ever-present observer of the gradual development of hundreds and thousands of young ladies—the early buddings of their intellectual powers; their constantly deepening and broadening mental research and grasp; their social and moral virtues opening, expanding and bursting into full bloom, permeating the surrounding atmosphere with delicious fragrance; their bearing in all the contacts and associations of school life—and their characters gradually rounding and assuming symmetry, permanence and strength. All this I have seen, and further,—many of these girls I have watched in after-years as they stood, and still stand, in society, sustaining the relations and bearing the responsibilities of mature womanhood.



Now, from this advanced and elevated standpoint, I wish to remind you, young ladies, and impress the fact, that the formation of character, and the determination of your future position and destiny in life, depend not merely on the home impress given you in very early life, and the training you receive when off at high schools, but more especially on the principles which become deeply rooted in your hearts, whether from influences at home or at school. How can the home or the school determine and control your life and destiny when you have passed quite beyond their environments, their guidance and guardianship? This is impossible, especially when new and untoward associations have been formed and adverse conditions exist. But true and noble virtues, high and honorable principles, pure and holy inspirations and ambitions—these planted deep in your hearts and cherished there, will prove your ever-present, faithful and unerring counsellors.

It is true of both men and women that many lose, at the first step taken on the broad arena of life, all prospects of a successful, not to say a brilliant, and glorious, future. In such cases the first step is taken, not from calm reflection and well-studied conclusions, but from sudden impulse, or a peculiar incidental conjunction of circumstances and conditions, and of course, necessitates a second step, and that another, and still another, all on downward grade; and thus life becomes not only unfruitful and obscure, but often fraught with sorrows and regrets, disappointments and bitterness all through the long years of middle and declining age. Many a young lady on whom both nature and Providence, both home and school, had lavished the best gifts, whose opening prospects had filled her own heart and the hearts of relatives and friends with the highest hopes, has dashed all and blighted every prospect of a calm, progressive and commanding future by acting simply from fitful passions or brief and sordid gratifications. Instead of making high principles and noble ambitions her chart and compass on the long and dangerous voyage, at the very outset, she took counsel of fitful whims and the brief pleasures of the passing hour. When momentous issues are at stake, or in times of sudden emergency where great interests and future destinies hang on the decision of a moment, or in the face of appalling disaster and blighted hopes, when in the dark shadows and deepening gloom of death's decree, amid crushed hearts and broken,

despairing spirits—these are your ever wakeful sentinels to dispel the frowning cloud, to nerve the energies and inspire the heart to await, with calm resignation and trust the dawning of a brighter day. The weeds of mourning, the hiding away in long, protracted, solitary grief, can not help at such an hour. The holy trust, the firm resolve, the noble aim, the call of duty all demand renewed energy and an ever-freshening vigor. Young ladies, plant deep in your hearts and cherish there the principles of virtue, integrity, honor, and noble aims, and let these be your counsellors in every trying hour and at every doubtful step in your pathway through life.

In every condition of society and under every form of civil and political institutions, a few people at last rule. These fix standards, these inspire and diffuse the general spirit and tone, these search out the hidden paths and lead the way. The wisest of men said, "When there is no vision the people perish." Woe to that community whose prominent characters, whether men or women, tread the dark and downward road, with the howling, shouting multitude following in the rear. Blessed is that people whose leading characters shine afar—immaculate in honor, in virtue, in truth and integrity, in all the noble qualities of mind and heart which adorn life, and give prominence, influence and power to individual character and leadership. Young ladies, when you pass beyond the limitations and guardianship of home and school, and enter upon the broad and more elevated arenas of activities and responsibilities, do walk with a steady step and dignified bearing in all relations. Every young lady who has been reared in a Christian and cultivated home, and enjoys the advantages of broad and elevated scholastic training, is one of the elect—she is chosen to be a center of light and influence to all around her, an example and leader in all that is promotive of the best and highest development of those who come under her influence. Fail to do this, and she fails of the chosen sphere and destiny to which she has been called. Her life becomes despondent, misanthropic, and filled with long and deep laments. How joyous, on the other hand, is she who has heard the voice of true counsellors and sound wisdom, and not only fitted herself for, but chosen her true position, her congenial associations, and appropriate sphere of labors and duties in life. Her home "is a joy forever" to herself and those who stay, as well as to those who come and go. Her pres-



ence in every circle is a benediction and beauty; her character and bearing shed light and joyous inspiration all along life's pathway.

Again. My experience reaches back to a period when there were no schools of high grade for young ladies in all the land, North or South; that is, permanent chartered institutions, with their ample equipments, heavy endowments and broad facilities, covering all the literatures, all the sciences and all the arts, both useful and ornamental, as we now behold. This broad and equal provision made for the education of both women and men, accompanied with an all-pervasive public school system, has lifted the whole population to higher grades of knowledge and intelligence. Society generally moves on far more elevated planes of culture and acquirements than was ever known or dreamed of in the easier days of this great republic. Both sexes have moved and are still moving, *pari passu*, on this broad and constantly ascending highway. There is no foretelling the elevation to which this people will finally attain. The honorable James Bryce, member of the English Parliament, a great statesman, a great writer, and, above all, an honest and truthful author, in his history of the American Commonwealth, says that no government in Europe, or in the world, has so intelligent a constituency as the Congress of these United States. This is true now, and the close of another century will witness a degree of advancement in all learning and practical application of scientific principles to economic and useful ends, greater than the world has ever known. The impulse has been given and the facilities are at hand. Our entire population is moving on up grade to higher planes and broader visions. This rising generation, both boys and girls, must seek and secure a broader and more complete equipment than their fathers had. Fail to do this, and they consign their future to limited spheres of personal influence, to the more obscure walks and associations, and the low drudgeries of life.

These United States of America have existed as a distinct people and nation a little more than one hundred years. During this brief period our progress on all lines of human effort and enterprise, has been marvelous in the eyes of the whole world. In wealth and numbers, in invention and discovery, in science and literature, in practical arts and appliances, in the development of the highest type of manhood and womanhood, we are to-day, not

only the wonder of all nations but the successful rival of all. Now this progress, so vast and amazing, has been, from the beginning, retarded by sectional jealousies and antagonisms, divergent and conflicting interpretations of our fundamental law, and the prejudice of race and caste, culminating finally in the most stupendous war of modern times. For four long years, freeman met freeman on bloody fields of battle, and fought with a valor and a martial prowess unsurpassed in any age or nation in all the annals of time. And why? Freemen met freemen, "foemen worthy of their steel," "who knew their rights and dare maintain." Now the most remarkable thing about this war was that each side, both victor and vanquished, came out from the conflict with a greater respect, each for the other, than ever before. Sectional lines and sectional prejudices were destroyed and obliterated. East and West, North and South became one homogeneous people—one in peace and one in war, henceforth and forever, and for weal or for woe. I make these allusions to past conditions and our present status, because I would implant deep in your hearts the spirit of a true and broad and fervent patriotism—a patriotism which rises above section and party, a patriotism which looks to the whole country and all its people, and seeks to elevate the entire population to the highest standard of life and character of which human hearts and human aspirations are capable. I would seek further to inspire you with a high appreciation of your country and people, and a just and generous pride in the nation of which you yourselves are constituent members. And when you traverse the ancient empires, as many of you will, I would have you glory in the fact that your eyes first opened on a grand and beautiful country, a land of freedom and a home of brave men and noble women, and that you are everywhere sheltered by a flag which proudly floats over every sea and is honored and admired in every port the world over.

Young ladies, you have not yet reached an age when in calm and meditative moods your thoughts will wander over such broad fields and you will contemplate such vast subjects. In coming years you will do this and more than this. The rising generation will come upon the stage of active and responsible life at a time when the rapid progress and the higher development of our people in all fields and on all lines of human effort and inspiration have drawn all eyes to America. The governmental powers of all coun-



tries are watching with anxious eyes, some in admiration, others in fear and trepidation, the rapid progress and high development of our country and people. The fame of our Washington is still fresh and green in all the earth. That name is a synonym for human rights and human freedom. The principles for which he and his great compatriots fought and triumphed underlie and constitute the solid basis on which the mighty fabric and the marvelous progress rest. Freedom of press and speech, freedom of religion, free education for every child which awakes to life and light in the land, are the potent and powerful and ever active factors which produce these magnificent results and which in the future are destined to be far more potent and fruitful. Through all the past and in all other lands these principles have been stifled, fettered and held down, never allowed free scope and full play to lift the great mass of mankind to their legitimate, God-given privileges, and to high destinies. These principles have already permeated, impressed and modified the governments and ameliorated the conditions of millions of the downtrodden of our race. And further, under the example and leadership of our country every treaty made with civilized or heathen nations must embrace the right to hold and practice, to teach and propagate, by printed page and public discourse, the revealed religion which God gave to man. This is a great end attained and most significant; it presages an universal redemption and elevation of every clime and country.

American civilization is fresh and new in the world—nothing has appeared like it before. Its chief characteristics are energy and progress on all lines and in every direction. But I can not enlarge on so fruitful a theme on this occasion. I simply wish to impress the fact that the rising generation will come to the responsibilities of full citizenship during the most interesting and advanced period of American life and acquirement. You should seek, you must seek, to secure a broader and better preparation than your fathers had, to meet the demands and issues which await you.

Events transpire in such quick succession, and progress is so rapid that quiet meditative people away from the centers of thought, and scenes of action, are left behind, or at any rate, are not competent to pass judgment and give advice. Hence, it is

proper and most important that the rising youth of this day should scan the future with their own eyes, enquire for themselves into conditions and prospects, and equip both for the conflicts and struggles, as well as, for the conquests and triumphs coming years may bring to them.

When a high-spirited, honorable and courageous people lose the day on the field of physical and political conflict, and see their wealth and institutions all swept away, they submit in all sincerity and without reserve. They accept the situation as the award of Providence and take the lesson to heart, go home and go to work and repair their fallen fortunes. It is in the second generation after such catastrophes, when material fortunes have been restored, when plans and measures have been adjusted to the new order of things, when the new foundations have been laid and society again assumes normal and peaceful conditions, that the genius of such a people shows its power to recuperate, to restore and to rise to higher planes and greater achievements than in the past. About one hundred years ago, a new and brilliant effulgence appeared in the political heavens of Europe. It at once attracted the gaze of kings and potentates and powers. That star soon assumed ominous aspects of fearful import, and as it rose higher and higher, brightening as it rose, fear and trepidation seized upon the governments and people of the whole continent. That star was the great Napoleon, a man of somewhat obscure origin, but a man of transcendent genius, high ambitions and unflagging energies. Under his leadership, the Eagles of France swept over the continent, spreading death, destruction and devastation in their pathway. Kings and emperors and dynasties were driven from their thrones, homes and property destroyed, gloom and despondency cast their dark shadows over the land. But from this baptism of blood, Europe emerged a regenerated people. In the second generation, the entire phase of society assumed new and brighter aspects. Schools multiplied; the fields of science and literature extended their borders and increased their rich fruitage; religion became more earnest, sincere and impressive in both home and society, and the rights and privileges of the people were enlarged and elevated. Wars are the culmination of the wicked passions of men, but they are overruled of Providence to wake up, regenerate and rejuvenate sleeping empires and lifeless, sterile, stagnant pop-



ulations, to arouse them to new life and new efforts and start them on the road to higher and nobler conquests.

Now, young ladies, you and all the youth of this Southern land come upon the active stage of life just at the beginning of the second generation, after a great war, a war in which your fathers, even in defeat, achieved a world-wide fame and came out of the conflict with untarnished honor and a noble record. They have gathered up the remaining fragments and constructed a new and broad foundation on which you can stand and work and build. It will be the high obligation of this incoming generation, men and women, to erect on this foundation a fabric far more glorious than that which was swept away by the late general deluge. That was, indeed, a beautiful and powerful civilization. It directed and controlled the policy of government for more than three-quarters of this century. To a large extent, it moulded the character and impressed its principles on all sections of the country. Conditions have now changed, and it can never be reproduced in all its beauty, fullness and glory. But its main features are deeply imbedded in the hearts of the American people, and now, that so many who have received its impress and imbibed its principles are scattering to all parts of the country and mingling in all the relations of social, business and professional life, it will still carry down the ages the type of character, in its main features, which from the beginning distinguished the true American, a character which when it reaches a more mature age and receives a little more polish and a broader range of literary and scientific vision, will become the highest style of man the world has produced.

To you, young ladies, and to all the youth of the land I would say that if the providences of God are reliable, and the opening prospects which now loom up before all the nations, are truly prophetic, the twentieth century of the Christian era, soon to be ushered in, will prove the most marvelous in great achievements, and the most illustrious in the progress and elevation of the entire human race the annals of time have ever recorded. The conditions have culminated—the facilities are provided—the fields are open and invite such consummations. As you step upon the stage and advance to your work, go with a fixed aim and high purpose to do your part, whatever it may be, in this onward march of all the nations and all the ages.

For such a work, you reply, we are both ready and willing, but what is our part? Aye, such a question excites no surprise in these times, but saddens every true and thoughtful heart. What is your part, you say? Why, young ladies, let me say to you with all emphasis that your part is that part which if not performed faithfully and with a consciousness of the gravest responsibilities and the most delicate discrimination and tact, nations can not exist and make permanent development. Whether maid or matron, your highest and most honorable, and widespread influence, position, is the head of the home. The institution we call home, in its true and highest sense, gives to nations permanence, progress, fame and power. It is true that great and powerful nations have arisen on the tides of time, played their brief and hideous part and lapsed into decay and ruin. They were conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, maintained a brief existence by ill-gotten wealth, despotic brute force and the oppression of their peoples, and then perished because they did not cherish, defend and perpetuate a pure and impressive and elevated home life. England, the foremost nation of the world, has lived and flourished for over one thousand years, and is still in the highest vigor and prosperity; on her domain, it has been said, the sun never sets. Her home is on the ocean wave, her path is through the sea; her proud flag waves on all waters, and woe to that people who dare to insult it. But how did England gain the foremost position among the nations of the world? Ah, you say, her great government, her great statesmen, her great armies and her great ships—these made England great. But how does she secure these? Trace the query back to original, first-moving and all-potent causes. England reached her present exalted position through her great homes. Homes transmitted from father to son through many centuries. From these homes her sons have gone forth impressed with all the highest principles and noblest virtues which animate human hearts and distinguish exalted character. Such men have filled her places of honor and trust, and directed her policy at home and abroad, hence her glorious record, her fame, her wealth, and her power.

And, young ladies, I call your attention to a significant fact which you have often read but never pondered. But for a few great homes in Virginia, and a few in New England and New



York, your own great nation would never have existed. Men reared in these great homes and embodying in character and life their teachings and impress, struck out the great principles and imbedded them in fundamental law and statute as the basis on which to rear the magnificent fabric you behold to-day, principles which now shake the earth, and before whose onward march despots and despotisms tremble. The home was the first institution God gave to man, and when maintained in its original purity, power and authority, combines in itself all the resources and the inspirations which make great characters, great institutions, and great nations. Young ladies, whatever you get, or fail to get, in this world, fail not to have a home—not a boarding-house, not a hotel, not a summer resort, not a free pass on all the roads and all the ships, but a home. If it should be only a cottage on the mountain side, or in the lowly vale, or a palace in some great city, or a mansion in some beautiful country place, surrounded by waving fields and roving herds, make it a true home. Beautiful it may be in structure, finish and furniture, but above this let it be pervaded at all times with those principles and virtues which produce characters—characters not only beautiful, but a power to uplift and advance the highest interest of your people and country. Do this, and you will do your part in this onward and upward march of the ages.

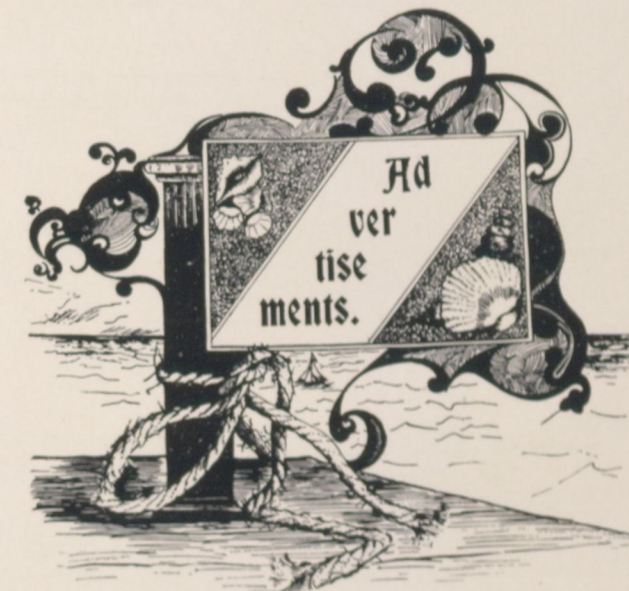
But there are other fields to which I might point you and in which you could illumine and adorn your country and your age. The field of authorship, for example, opens a vast domain, fresh and unexplored, in which Southern genius and Southern minds and hearts, especially of your sex, may reap abundant reward, and gather repeated harvests of rich and most precious fruitage. And still there are others, but I can not detain you longer at this late hour for you are wearied and I am exhausted—I bid you a loving farewell and wish you all the greatest prosperity, happiness and joy.



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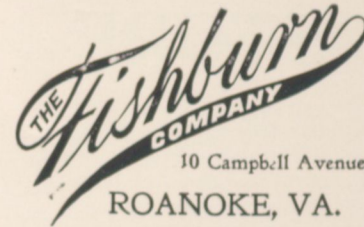
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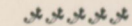
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